

POLICE

COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP
I.C.C.
7

JULY No.80

10¢

**PLASTIC
MAN**
meets
PENETRO,
master of
solids!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Famous BANNER

FIREWORKS!

ZIP! BOOM! BANG!
OH-Boy!

This year don't be satisfied with just buying fireworks. Get the best—Get the most for your money—don't be disappointed—Get BANNER FIREWORKS with those new startling creations. BANNER FIREWORKS have all the ZIP-BOOM-BANG you expect of fireworks.

**BUZZ BOMBS • STAR SHELLS
BLOCK BUSTERS • SIREN AERIAL BOMBS
ZIG ZAG WHISTLES • FLASHLIGHT CRACKERS**

and many others that will thrill and amaze you are just some of the newest creations that you get in this BIG BARGAIN ASSORTMENT.

**No. 1—SPECIAL \$11.25 DELUXE ASSORTMENT OF
MORE THAN 500 PIECES FOR ONLY \$4.95**

Other items in this giant assortment include Electric Cannon Salutes that will really rock you . . . Zig-Zag Musical Salutes, Black Snakes that amaze grown-ups as well as children . . . White Mule that really kicks, Silver and Gold Fountains, one of our most beautiful pieces—large size Black Humdingers (They're really a humdinger)—Whistling Devils whose devilish action will amaze you—3 Shot Automatic Repeating Bombs—

2 Shot repeating Aerial Flash Bombs—Cone Fire of Red, White and Blue display—Large Triangle Wheels—Sky Rockets that end in a majestic display of Red, White and Blue Stars—Zebra Flash Crackers, the loud kind—Flashlight Crackers—10 Ball Roman Candles—Comet Star Shells, the most beautiful night display ever offered and Sparklers for the little tots. Remember, you get over 500 pieces in all with a retail value of \$11.25 for only \$4.95.

No. 2—GIANT \$11.25 KRACKER ASSORTMENT—ONLY \$4.95

This assortment will give you plenty of noise and action. Selected and especially made up for boys who want to get a kick out of every last piece. You'll get those extra loud Electric Cannon Salutes—2 and 3 Shot Repeating

**EVERY PIECE
A REAL
NOISE-MAKER**

Aerial Bombs—Block Busters—Red Devils—Flash Salutes—Zig-Zag Musical Salutes—Flashlight Crackers—Star Shells—Black Humdingers and many others. More than 500 pieces—all for only \$4.95.

No. 3—BIG COLORFUL FAMILY LAWN DISPLAY—

This is a special package made up for those who want a colorful display with a minimum of noise. You will OH! and AH! as you watch these creations burst into a display of sheer beauty that is unsurpassed in fireworks history. Musical Vesuvius Flitter Fountains—Comet Star Shells—Flower Pots with Handles—Large Floral Shells—Triangle Spinning Wheels—Red-White-Blue Patriotic Colored Fire and Roman Candles are only some of the unusual pieces in this large assortment.

**THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
NIGHT DISPLAY OFFERED
ONLY \$4.95**

**QUICK ACTION COUNTS—ORDER NOW
WHILE STOCKS ARE COMPLETE**

This year we have greater facilities for serving you. There will be plenty for those who act quick. But orders are coming in fast and we do not want to disappoint anyone. So rush your order today—NOW.

CASH WITH ORDER—NO C. O. D's.

Send payment in full with order—Certified Check—Bank Draft or Money Order. If you send currency be sure to register letter. All shipments sent by Express F.O.B. Toledo. Give nearest express office if different from your town.

BIG NEW CATALOG—FREE

**Quick Action ORDER!
Blank!**

BANNER FIREWORKS MFG. CO., Inc. Dept. 748
446 West Capistrano TOLEDO 12, OHIO

Enclosed find . . . \$ for which ship me . . .
Big Combination offers as checked below.

() No. 1 Big Deluxe Assortment . . . \$4.95
() No. 2 Giant Kracker Assortment . . . \$4.95
() No. 3 Family Lawn Display . . . \$4.95

Name

Street

City State

Express office if different from above

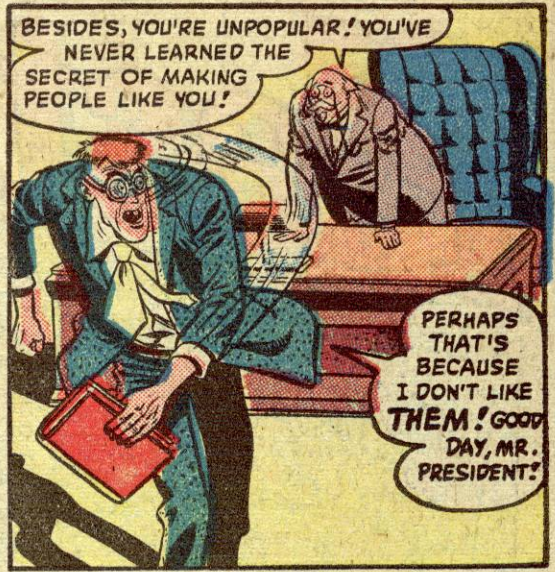
**BANNER FIREWORKS MFG. CO., Inc. Dept. 748 446 CAPISTRANO
TOLEDO 12, OHIO**

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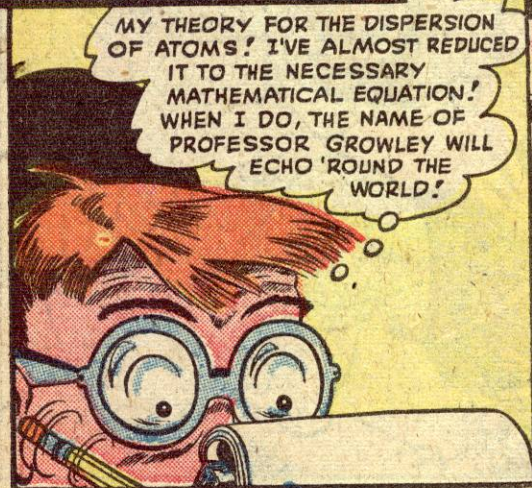
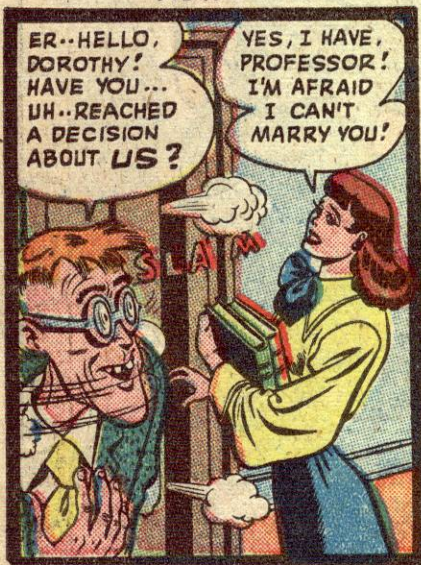
Plastic Man

PENETRO, alias Professor Growley, mastered one simple but miraculous feat... he could pass the atoms of his body **THROUGH** any solid substance... exactly as ordinary people pass through water! He did it by means of a mathematical formula! And for a time, even **PLASTIC MAN** seemed unable to prevent PENETRO from upsetting the **USUAL** equations of law and order!

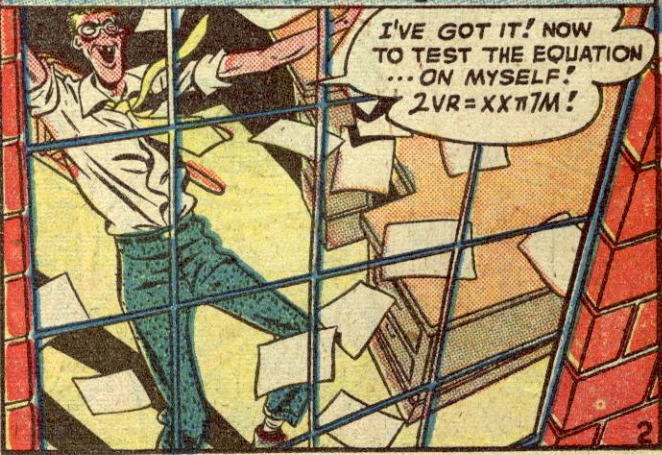


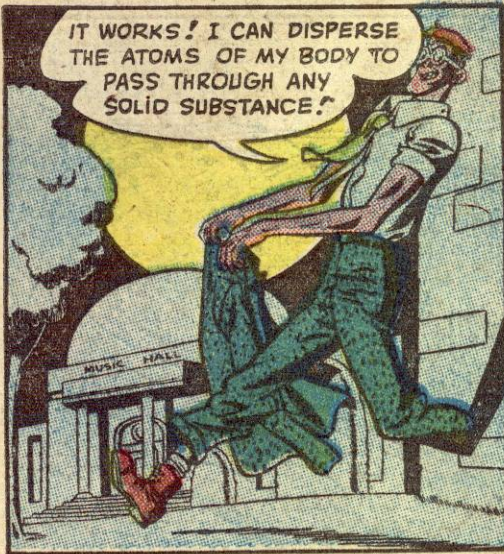


And this was the second blow...

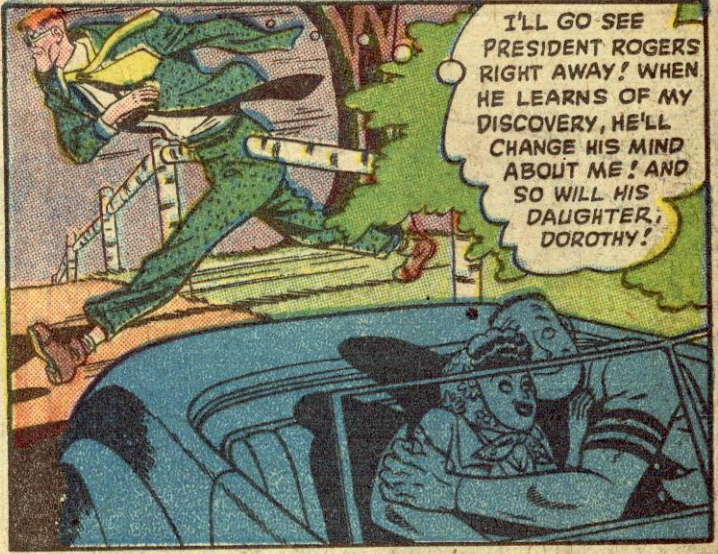


Driven by his fanatical ambition, Professor Growley labors day and night, until...





IT WORKS! I CAN DISPERSE THE ATOMS OF MY BODY TO PASS THROUGH ANY SOLID SUBSTANCE.



I'LL GO SEE PRESIDENT ROGERS RIGHT AWAY! WHEN HE LEARNS OF MY DISCOVERY, HE'LL CHANGE HIS MIND ABOUT ME! AND SO WILL HIS DAUGHTER, DOROTHY!

Meanwhile, in President Rogers' office...

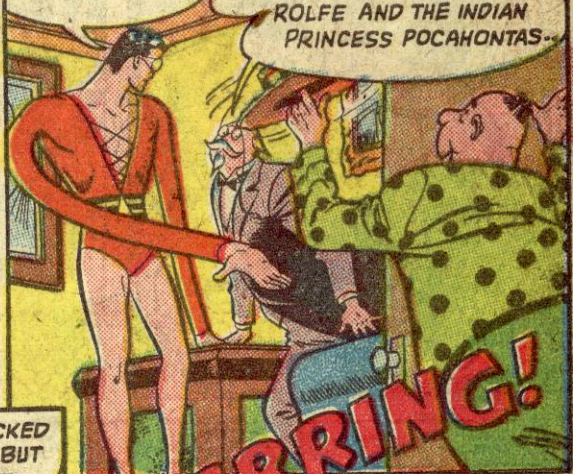


YOU CALLED THE F.B.I.? THEY SENT ME OVER!

ULP! PLASTIC MAN!

THIS IS MY...UH... ASSISTANT, WOOLY WINKS! I'LL SEE TO IT THAT HE DOESN'T GET IN THE WAY!

GOOD! RECENTLY OUR HISTORY DEPARTMENT UNEARTHED A MOST PRECIOUS HISTORICAL DOCUMENT... THE ORIGINAL MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE OF JOHN ROLFE AND THE INDIAN PRINCESS POCAHONTAS...



BRING!

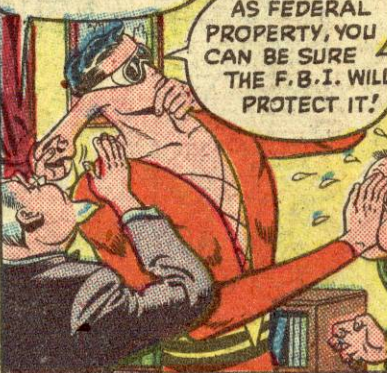
IT'S PRICELESS! ANYONE CAN REALIZE THAT! THE UNIVERSITY HAS DECIDED TO DONATE THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE TO THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY! WE'RE POSITIVE IT WILL BE SAFE THERE!



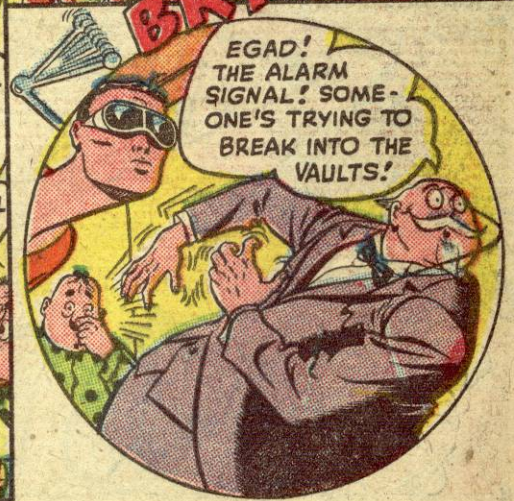
NATURALLY, WE KEEP IT LOCKED IN OUR BASEMENT SAFE! BUT WE'VE RECEIVED WORD THAT ITS HIDING PLACE IS NOT UNKNOWN TO CERTAIN MEMBERS OF THE UNDERWORLD!

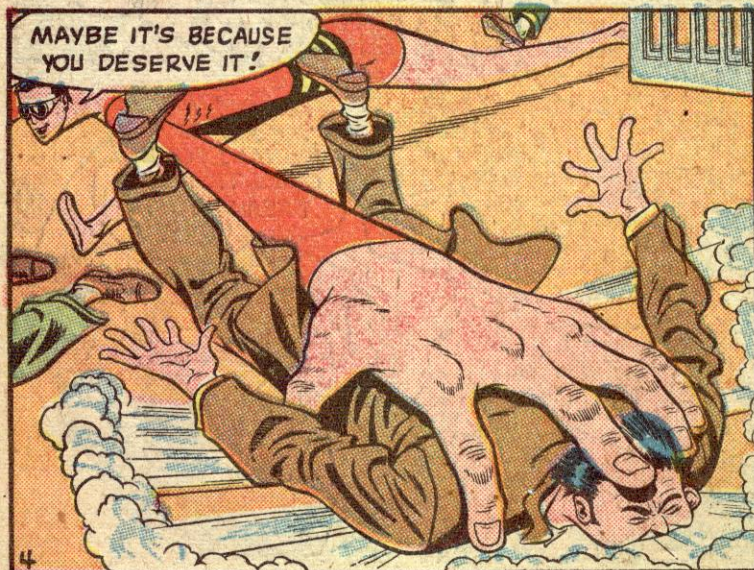
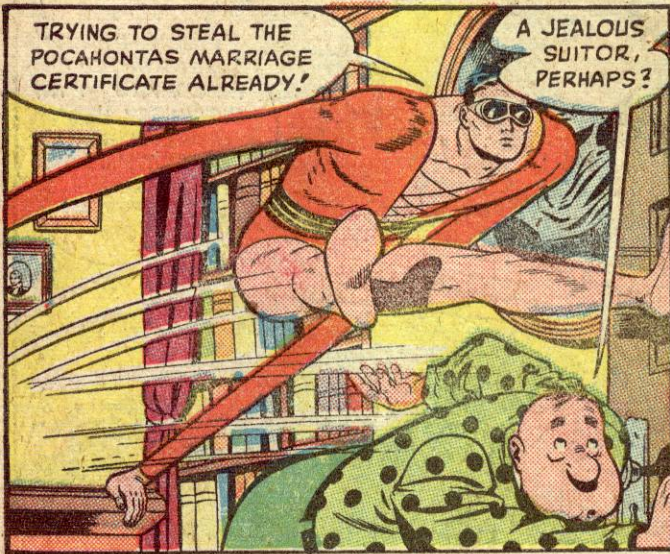
I UNDERSTAND!

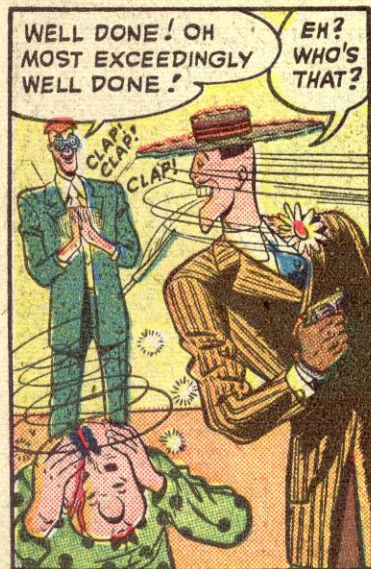
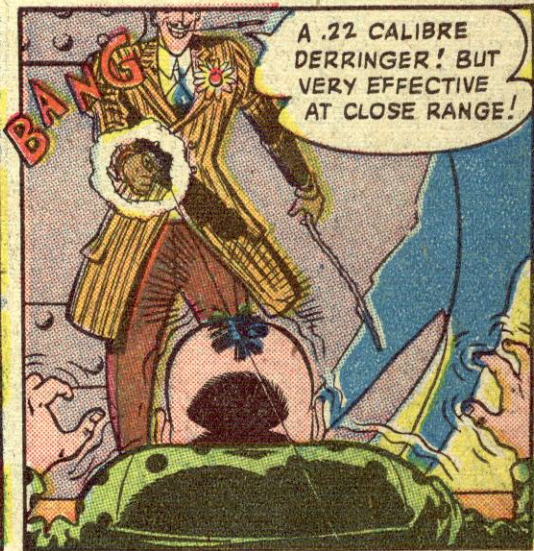
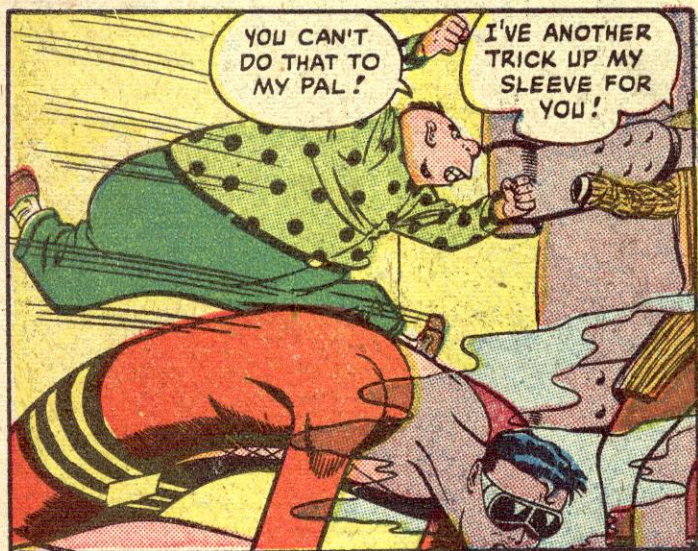
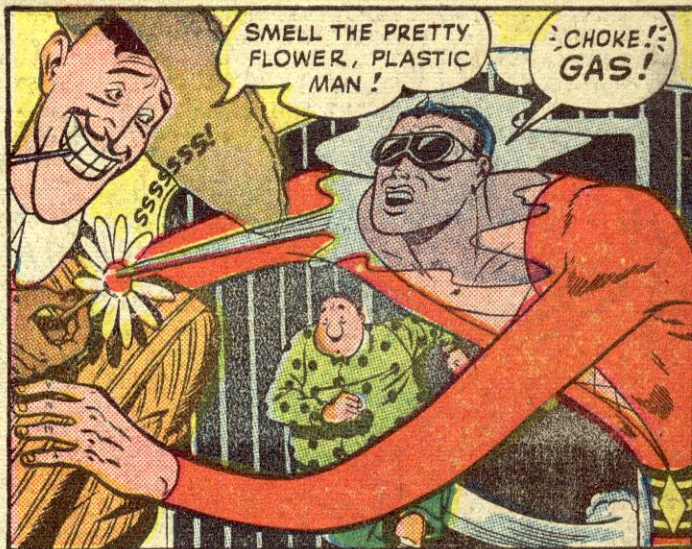
AS FEDERAL PROPERTY, YOU CAN BE SURE THE F.B.I. WILL PROTECT IT!



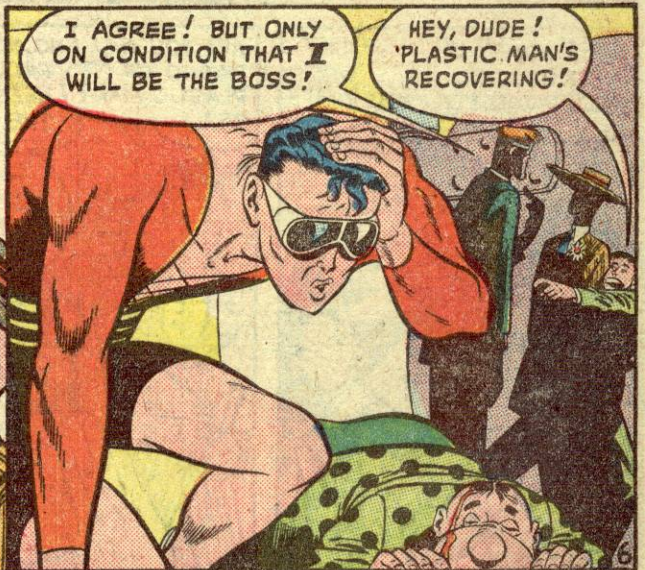
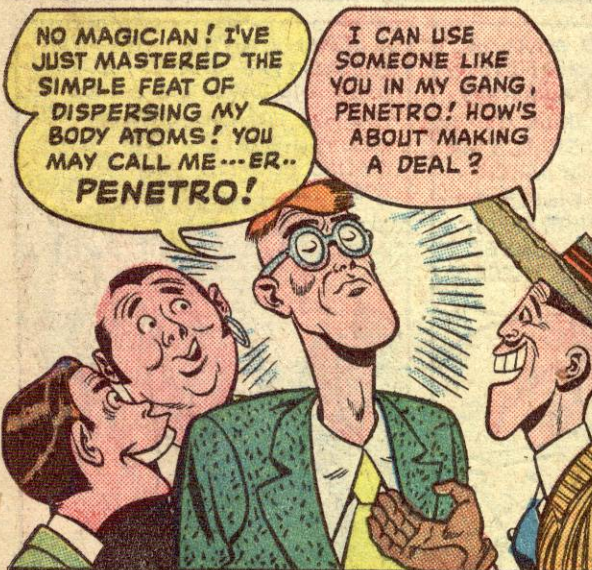
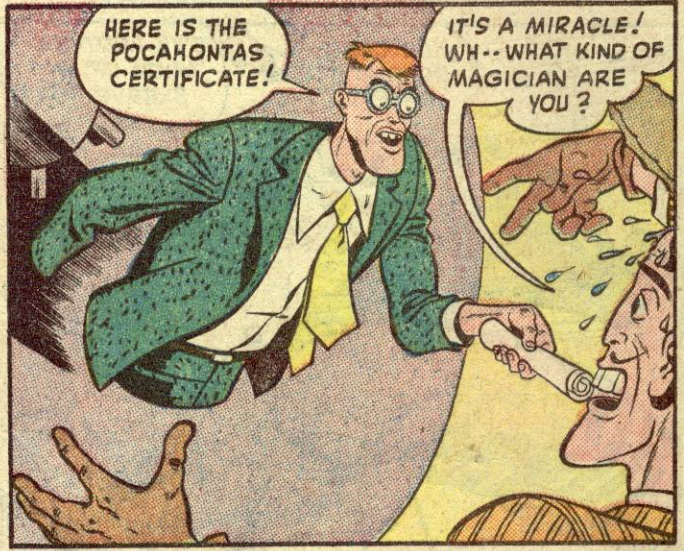
EGAD! THE ALARM SIGNAL! SOMEONE'S TRYING TO BREAK INTO THE VAULTS!

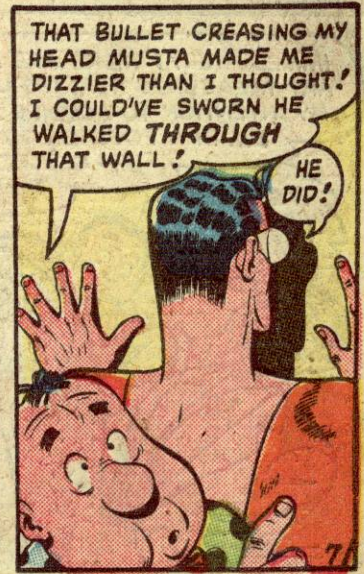
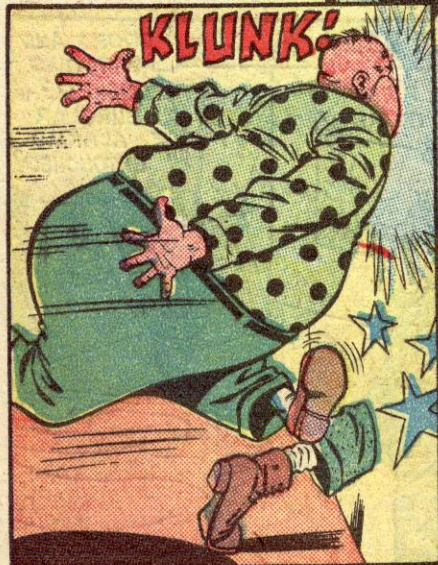


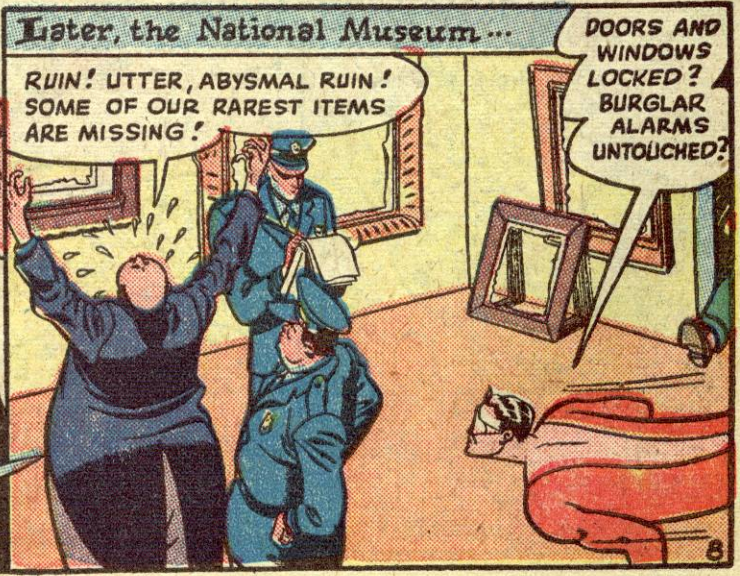
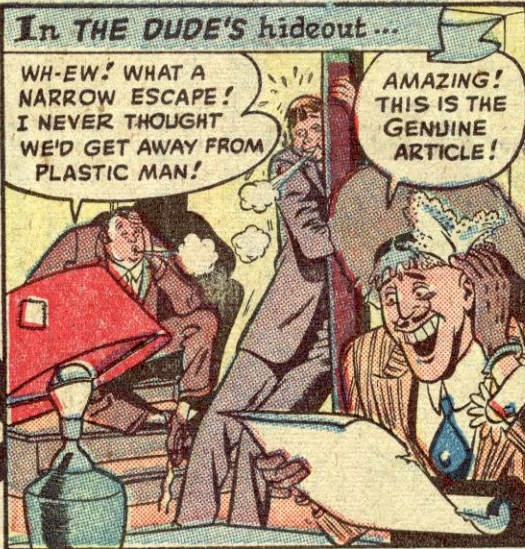




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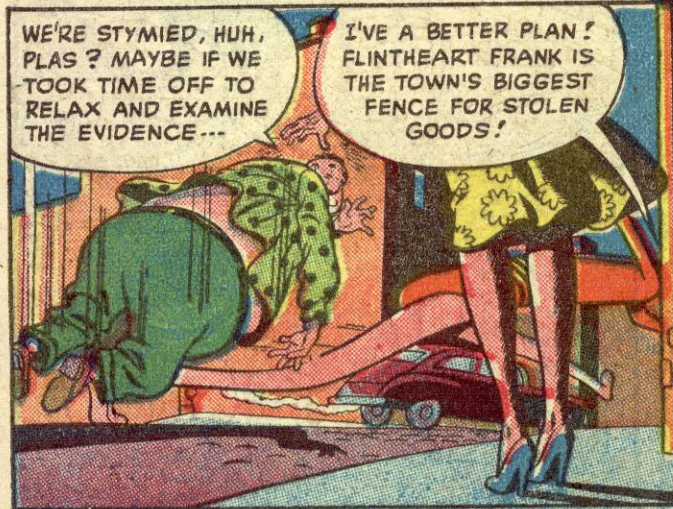


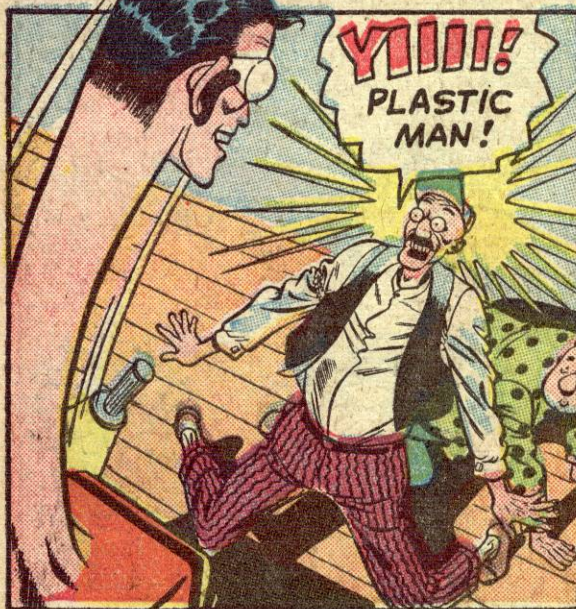
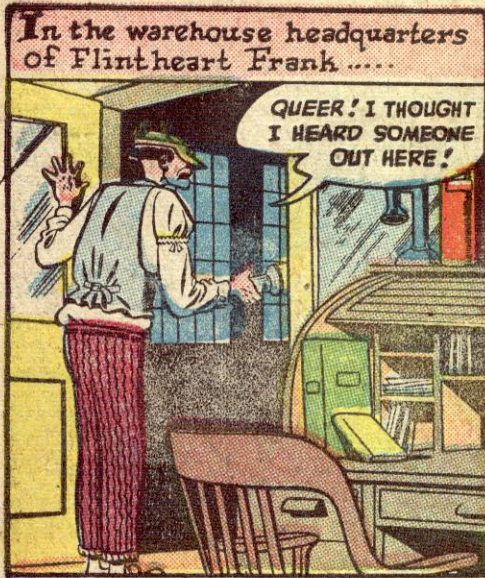






BUT, as storm clouds gather over Plastic Man...





TSK-TSK!
THE POOR
FELLOW'S
GETTING
HYSTERICAL!

POLICE COMICS



IT'S NO USE TRYING TO ESCAPE! I'VE GOT YOU! ARE YOU GOING TO TALK, OR SHALL I...

N-NO! I'LL C-CONFESS EVERYTHING!



GOSH! I MUST'VE SOUNDED AWFULLY CONVINCING! HE LOOKED SCARED TO DEATH OF ME!



I---I HAD AN APPOINTMENT WITH PENETRO TONIGHT! HE'S BRINGING ME THE PROCEEDS OF HIS LATEST CRIME! H-HERE'S THE PAYOFF MONEY!

YOU'RE GOING TO JAIL, FLINT-HEART! BUT YOU'LL BE TREATED LENIENTLY FOR HAVING TURNED STATE'S EVIDENCE!



DO YOU THINK I CAN TRUST YOU TO TAKE HIM TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS?

HMMFF! WHO MADE THIS CAPTURE... YOU OR ME?



Soon...

STAY HERE! I'LL CHECK WITH FLINTHEART TO MAKE CERTAIN THE COAST IS CLEAR!

OKAY, PENETRO!



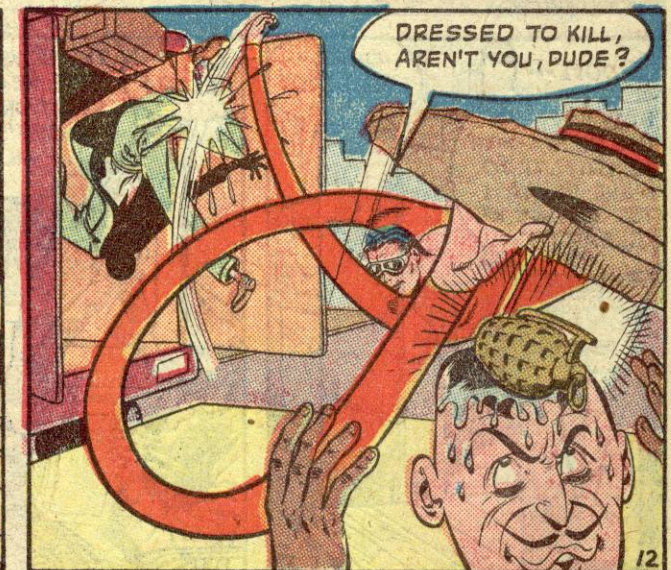
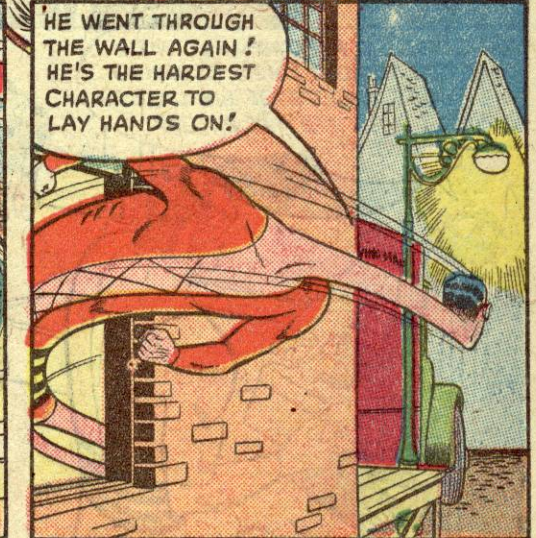
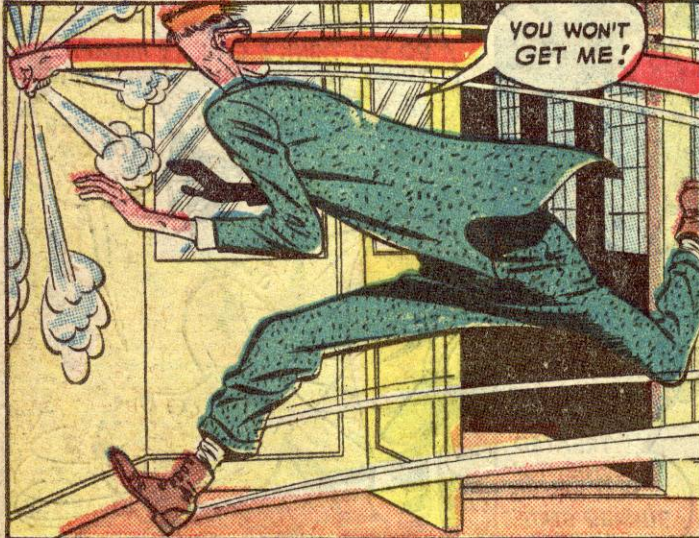
OH, HELLO!

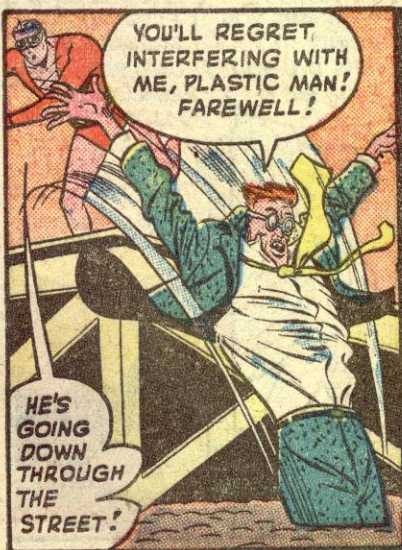
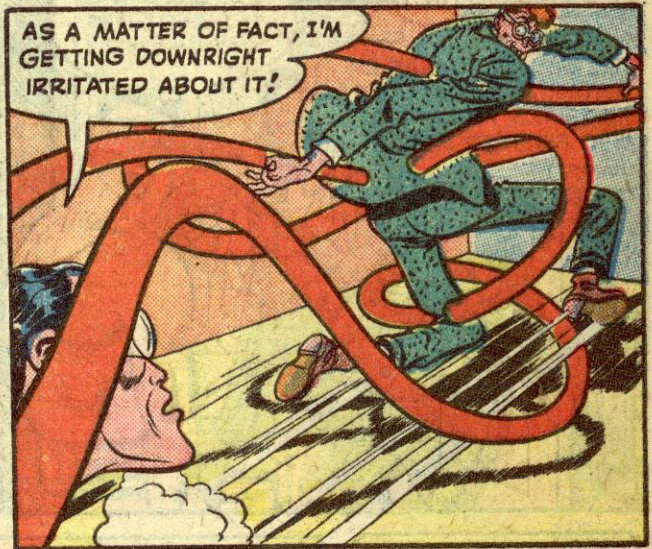
THE BOYS ARE OUTSIDE, READY TO START UNLOADING! WHERE'S THE MONEY?

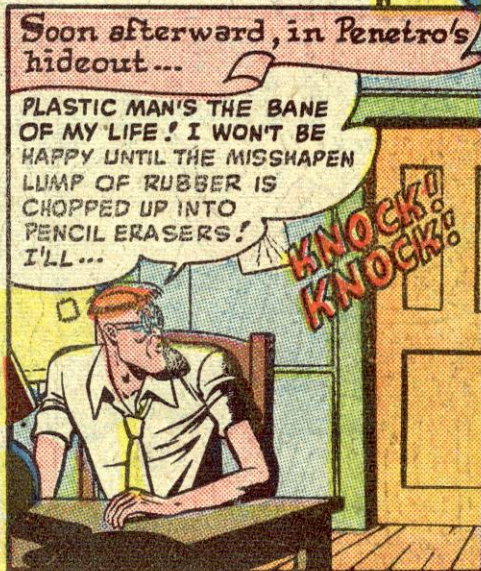
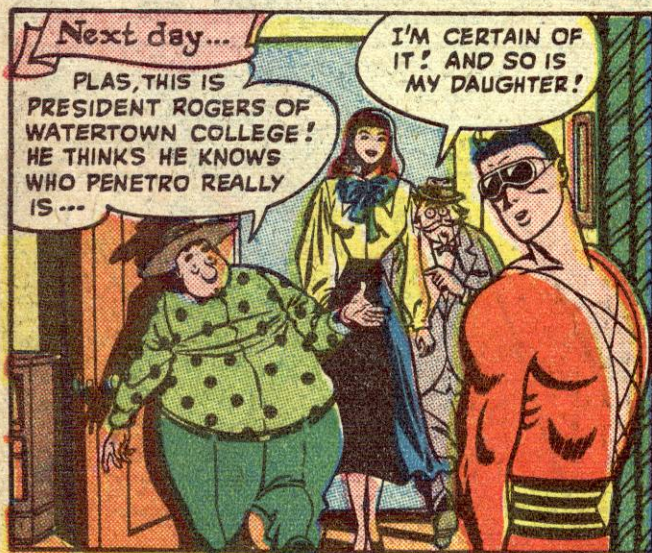
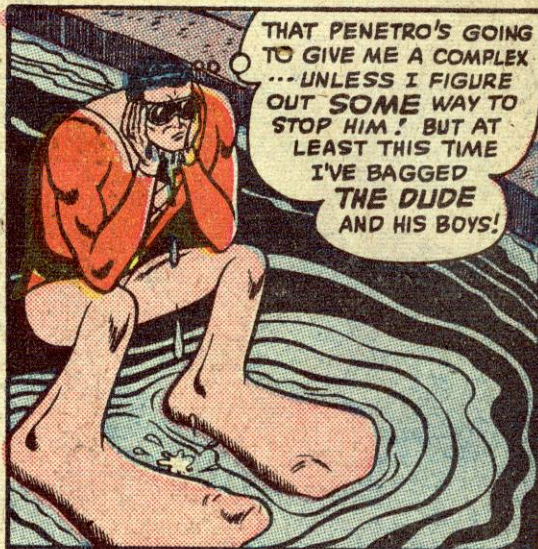
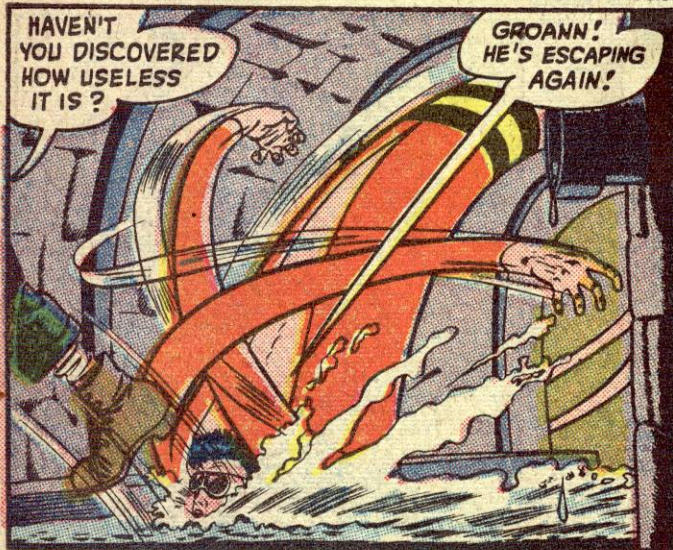


RIGHT HERE!

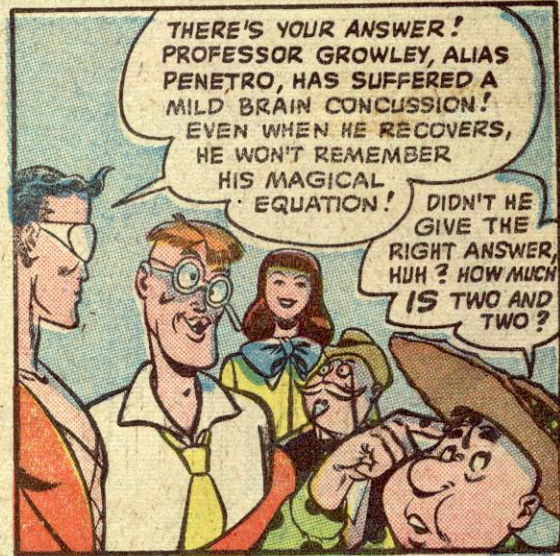
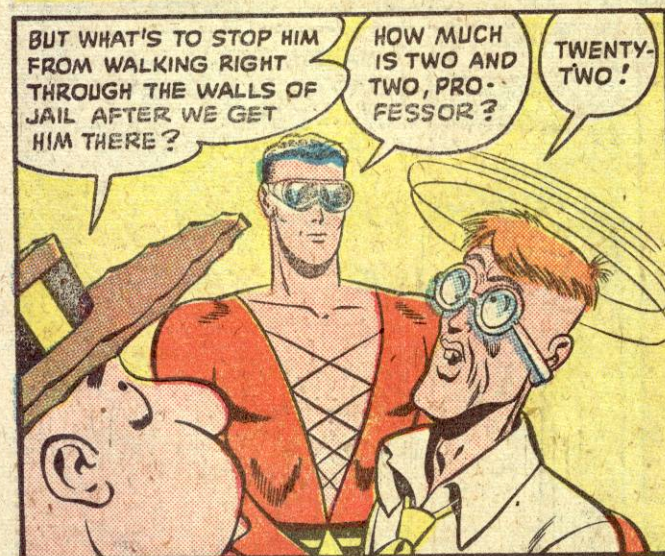
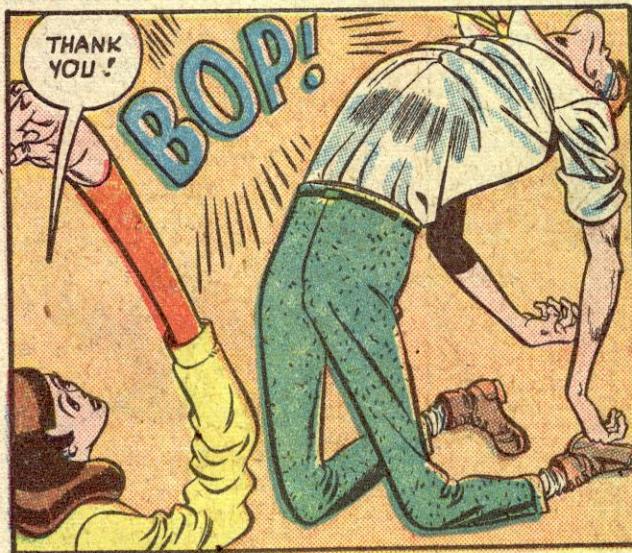
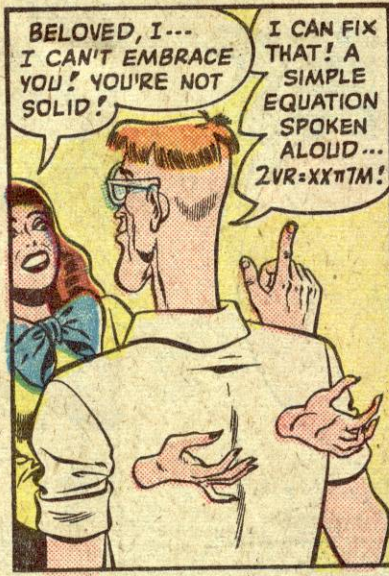
WHERE?







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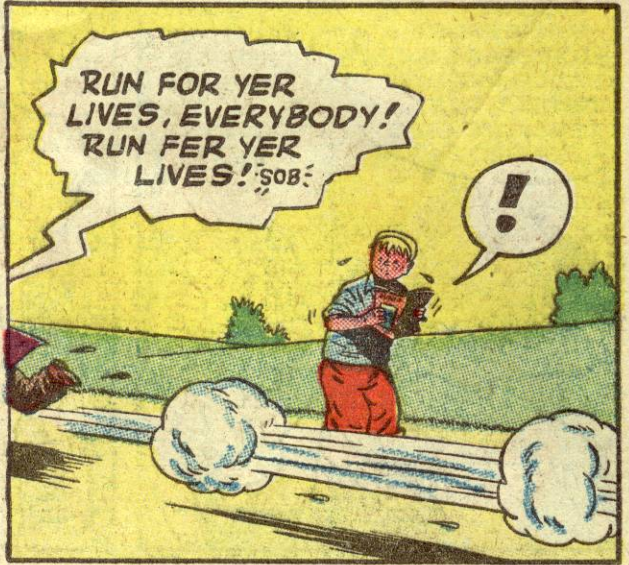
SPECKS

HA! HA!
HA! HO!



RUN FOR YER
LIVES, EVERYBODY!
RUN FER YER
LIVES! SOB:

!



RUN FOR YER
LIVES! RUN
FER YER
LIVES! PUFF:
PUFF:

WINDY,
WAIT!



WINDY!
WINDY!
WAIT!
PUFF:
COO-#xx!:

IT'S ALL OVER!
RUN FOR YER
LIVES!
PUFF:



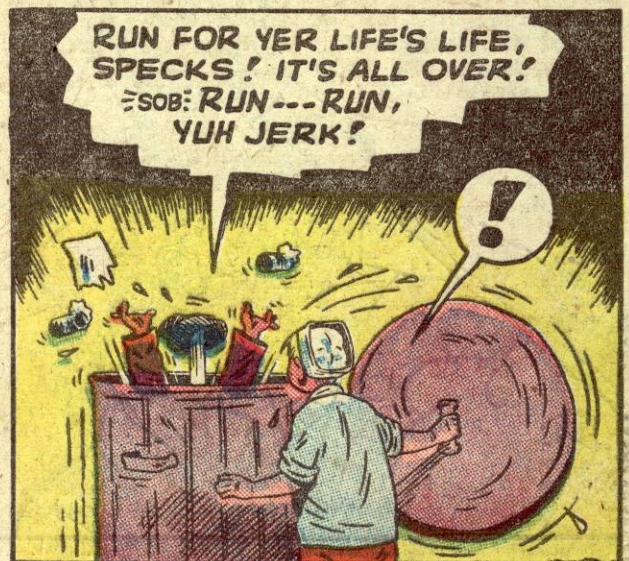
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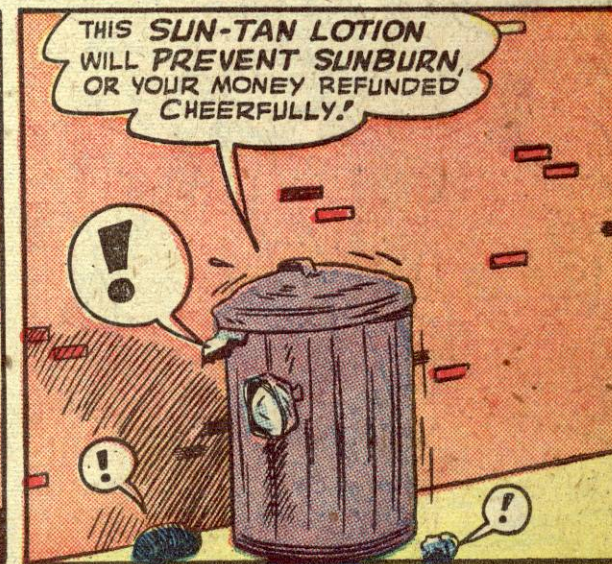
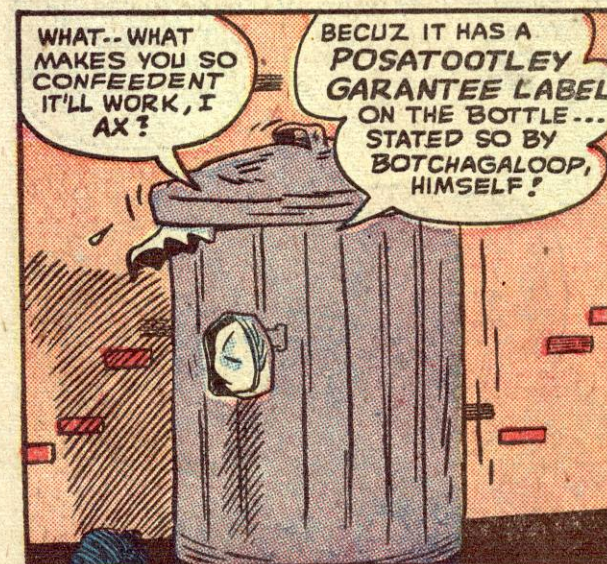
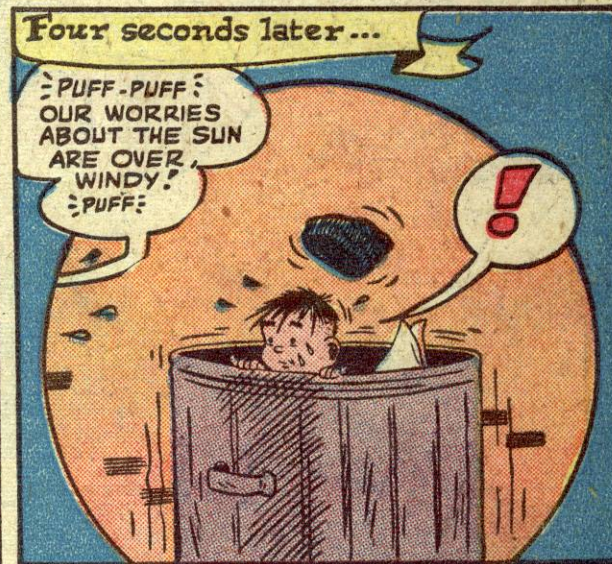
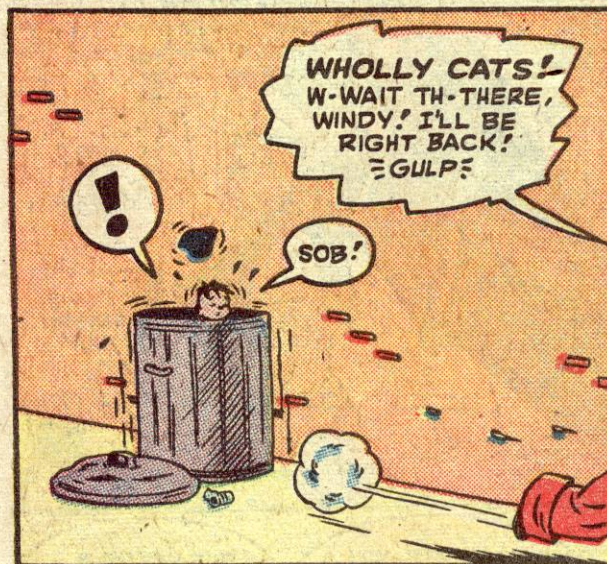
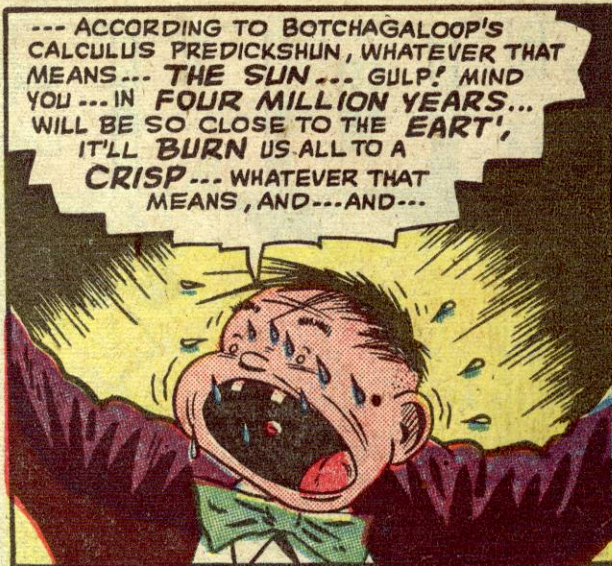
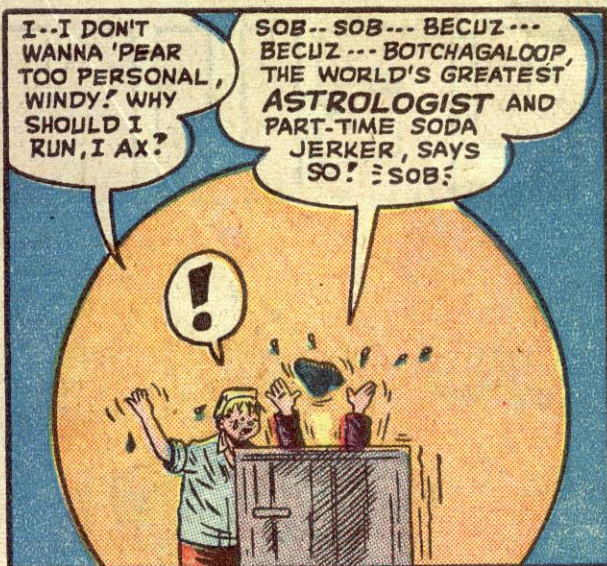
SOB:
SOB:
SNIFF!



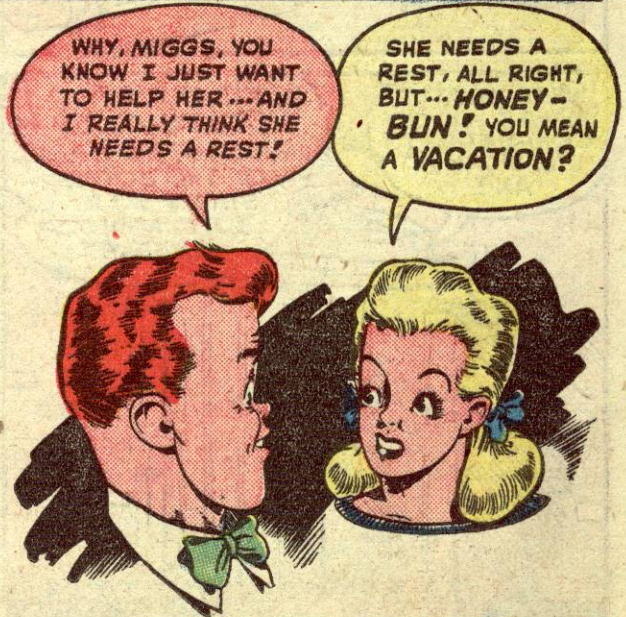
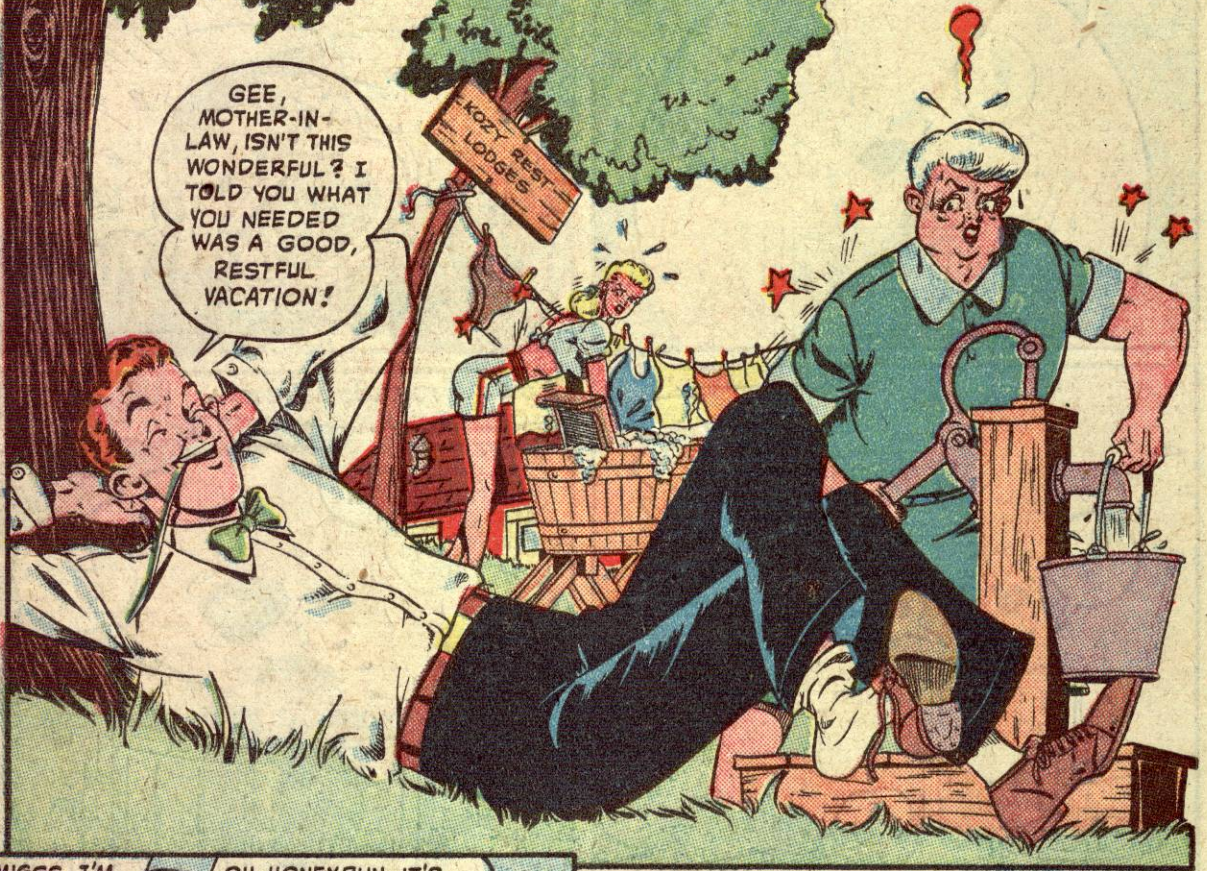
RUN FOR YER LIFE'S LIFE,
SPECKS! IT'S ALL OVER!
SOB: RUN--- RUN,
YUH JERK!

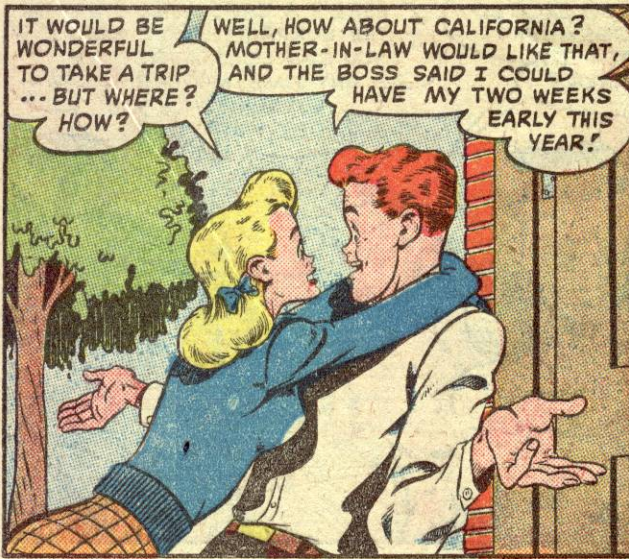
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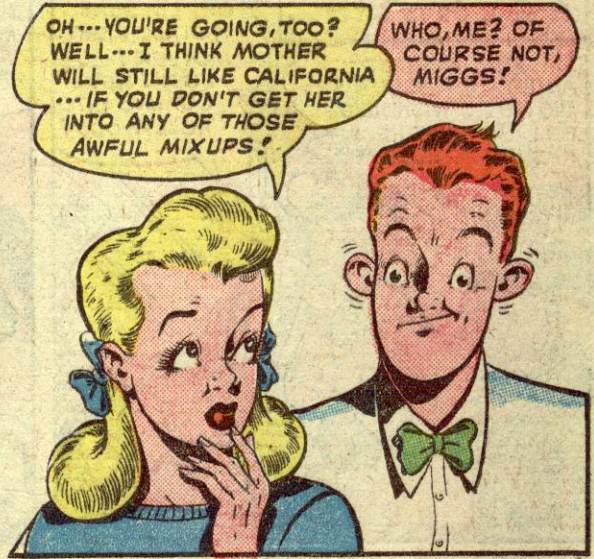
HONEYBUN





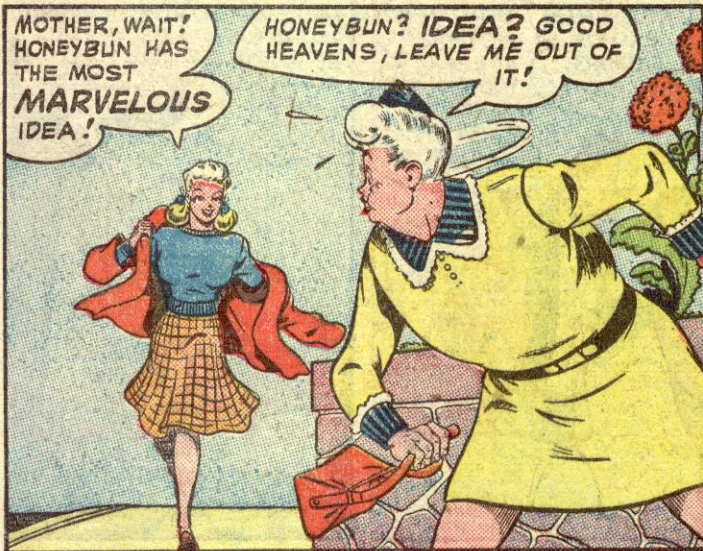
IT WOULD BE WONDERFUL TO TAKE A TRIP ... BUT WHERE? HOW?

WELL, HOW ABOUT CALIFORNIA? MOTHER-IN-LAW WOULD LIKE THAT, AND THE BOSS SAID I COULD HAVE MY TWO WEEKS EARLY THIS YEAR!



OH... YOU'RE GOING, TOO? WELL... I THINK MOTHER WILL STILL LIKE CALIFORNIA ... IF YOU DON'T GET HER INTO ANY OF THOSE AWFUL MIXUPS!

WHO, ME? OF COURSE NOT, MIGGS!



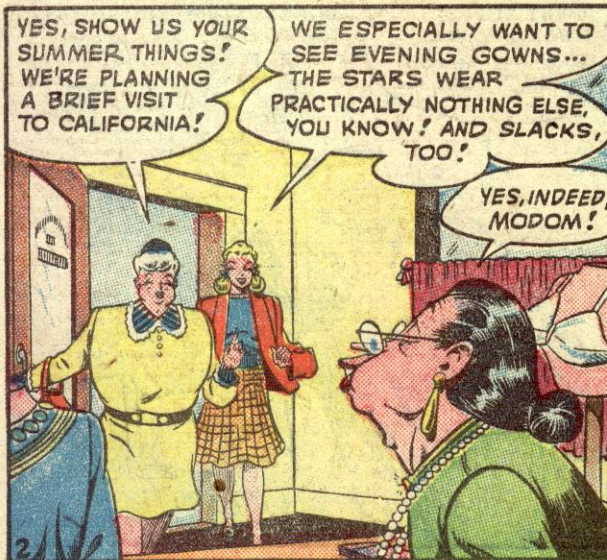
MOTHER, WAIT! HONEYBUN HAS THE MOST MARVELOUS IDEA!

HONEYBUN? IDEA? GOOD HEAVENS, LEAVE ME OUT OF IT!



... AND HE WANTS US TO GO TO CALIFORNIA FOR TWO WEEKS! JUST THINK, MOTHER, WE'LL SEE ALL THE MOVIE STARS!

CALIFORNIA, EH? WELL, I DO NEED A REST... AND I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE HOLLYWOOD!



YES, SHOW US YOUR SUMMER THINGS! WE'RE PLANNING A BRIEF VISIT TO CALIFORNIA!

WE ESPECIALLY WANT TO SEE EVENING GOWNS... THE STARS WEAR PRACTICALLY NOTHING ELSE, YOU KNOW! AND SLACKS, TOO!

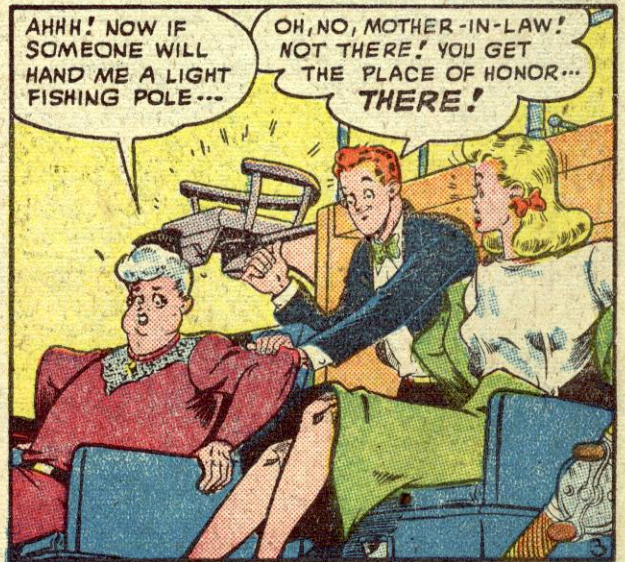
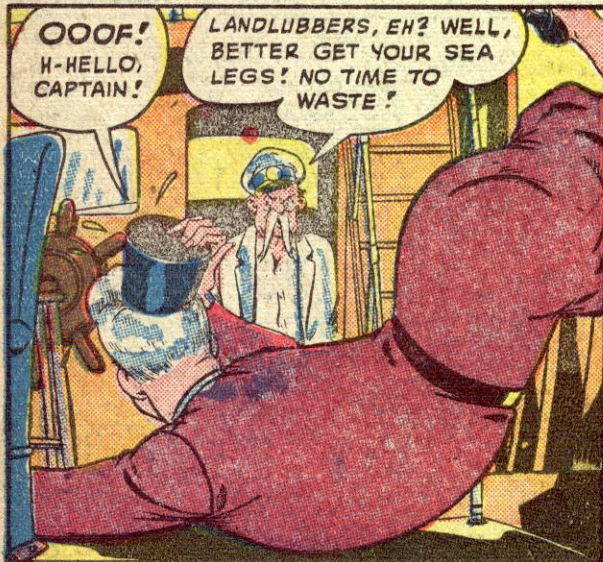
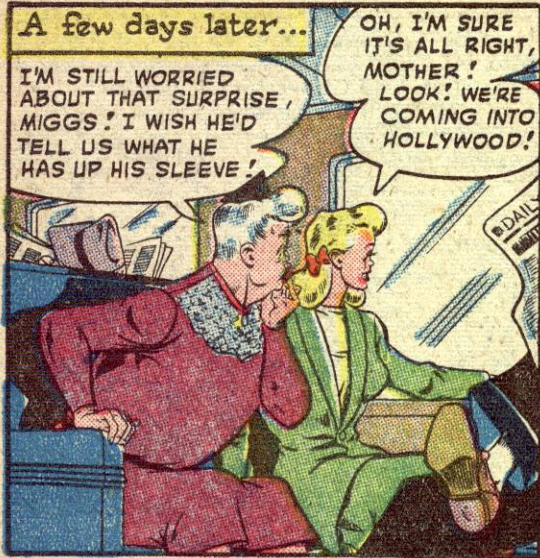
YES, INDEED, MODOM!



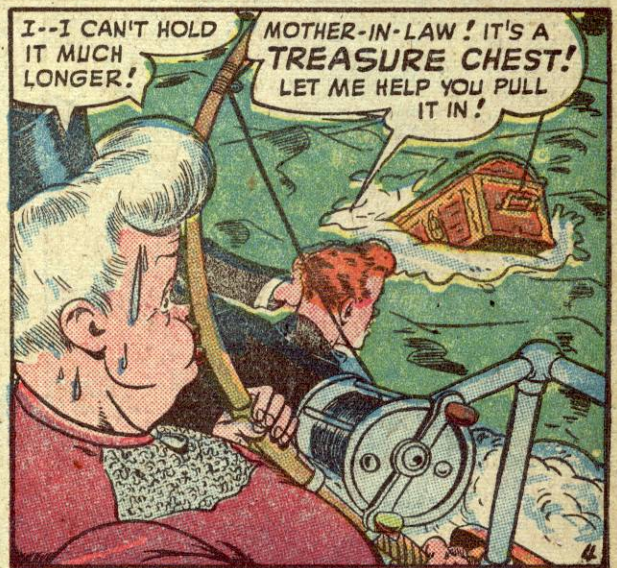
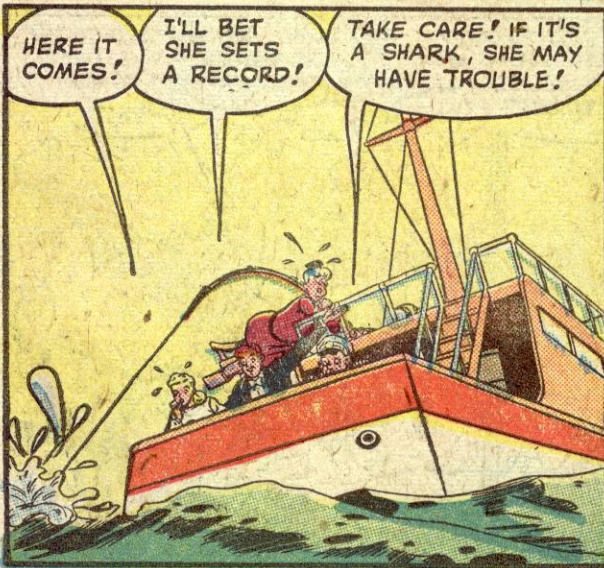
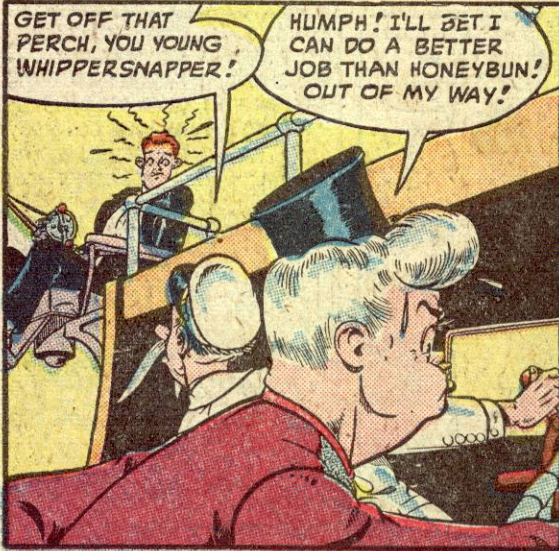
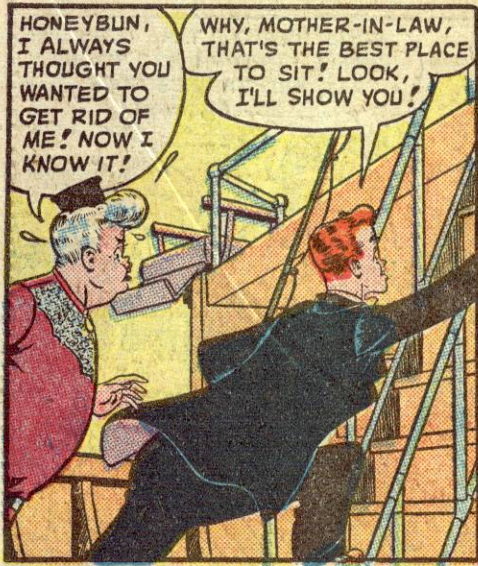
WELL, HONEYBUN, WE'RE READY FOR CALIFORNIA! WAIT TILL YOU SEE WHAT WE'VE BOUGHT!

GEE, I HOPE YOU BOUGHT SOME HIP BOOTS! I JUST ARRANGED A WONDERFUL SURPRISE!

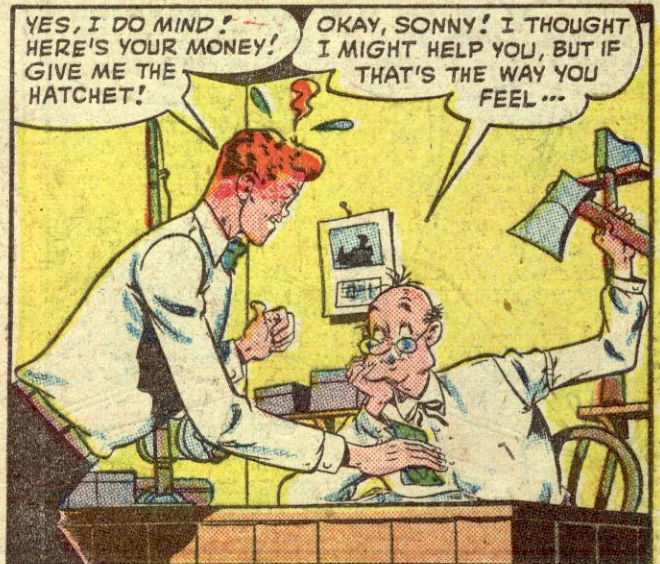
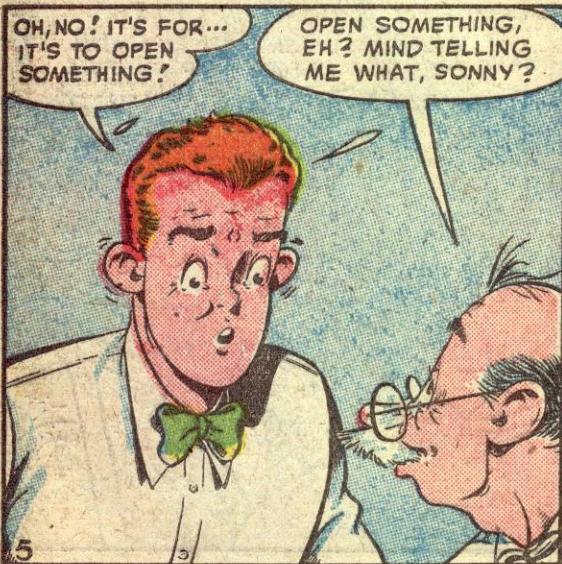
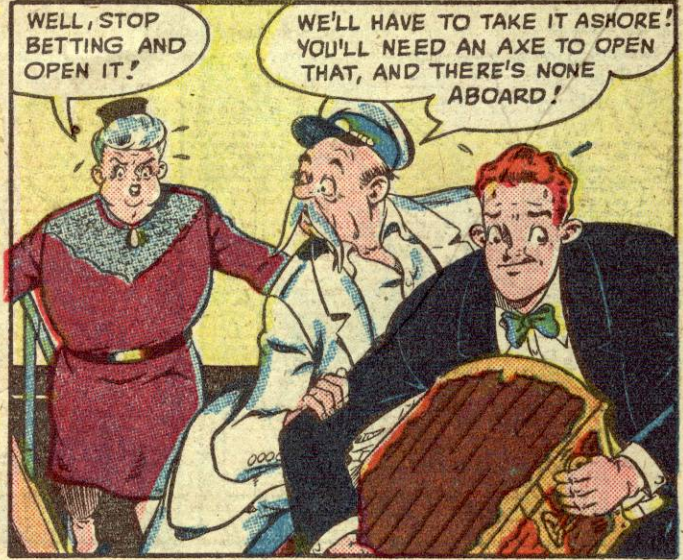
HIP BOOTS? SURPRISE? I KNEW IT WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!

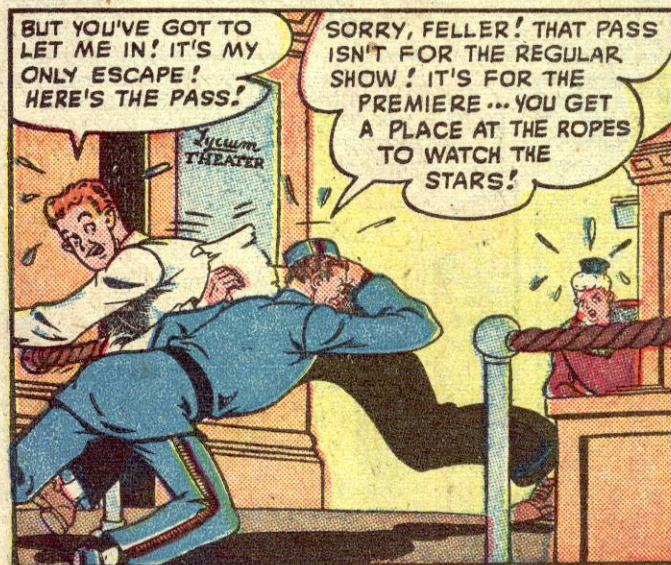
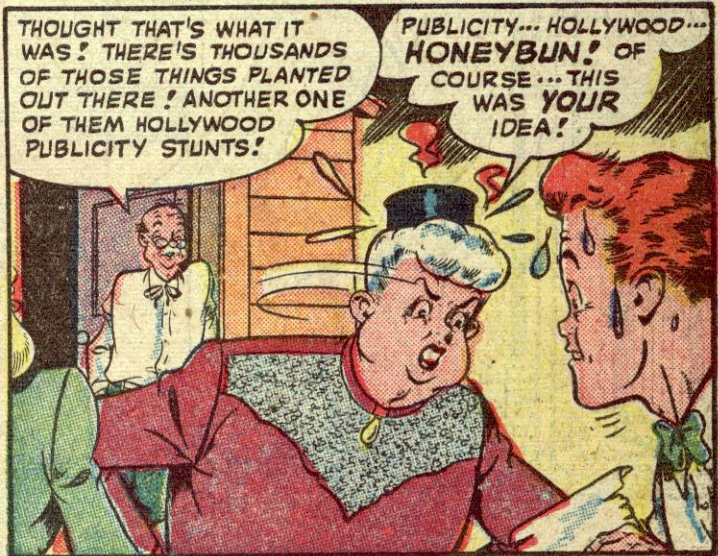


POLICE COMICS

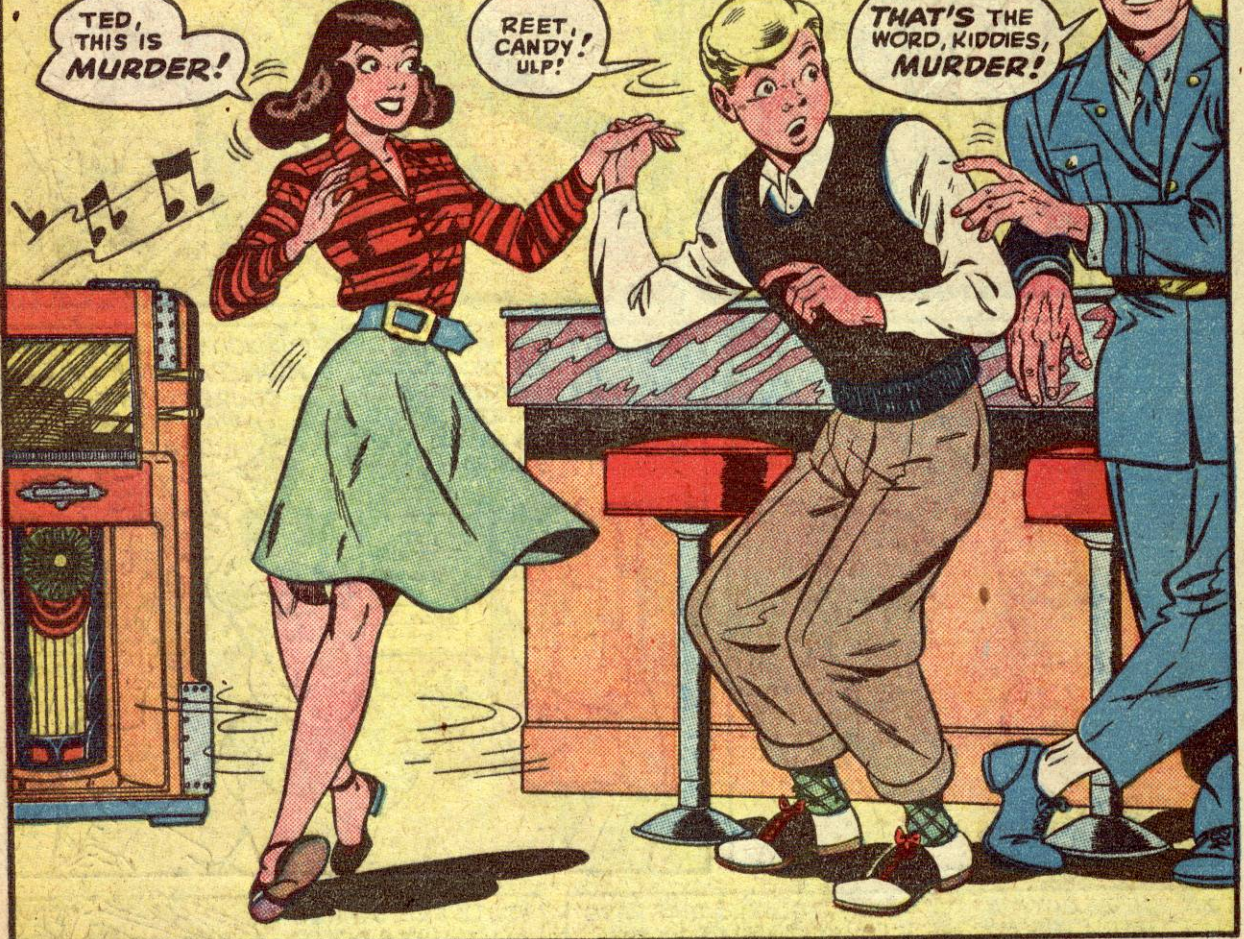


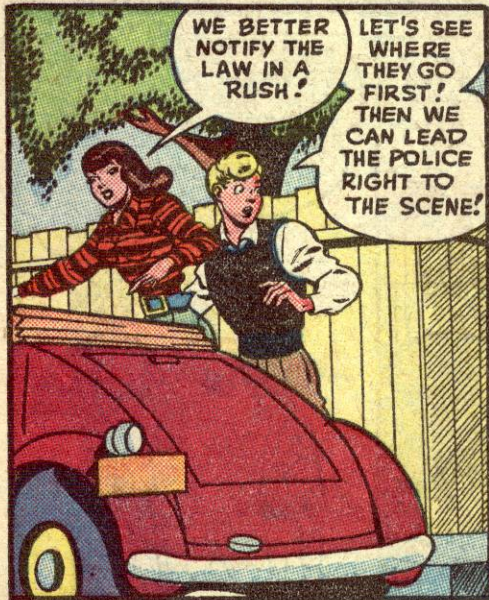
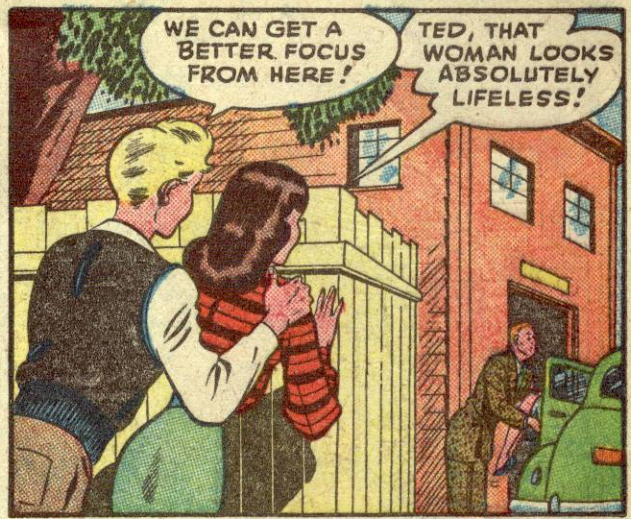
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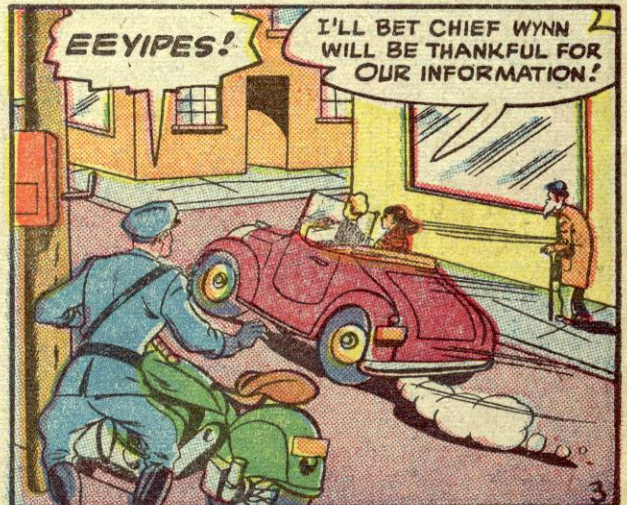
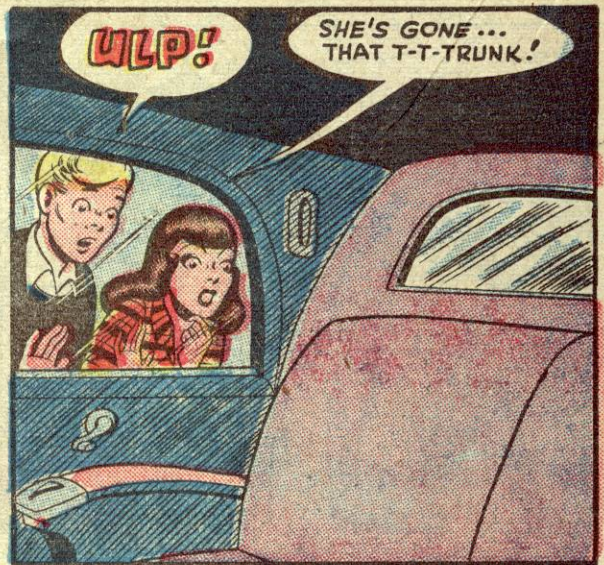
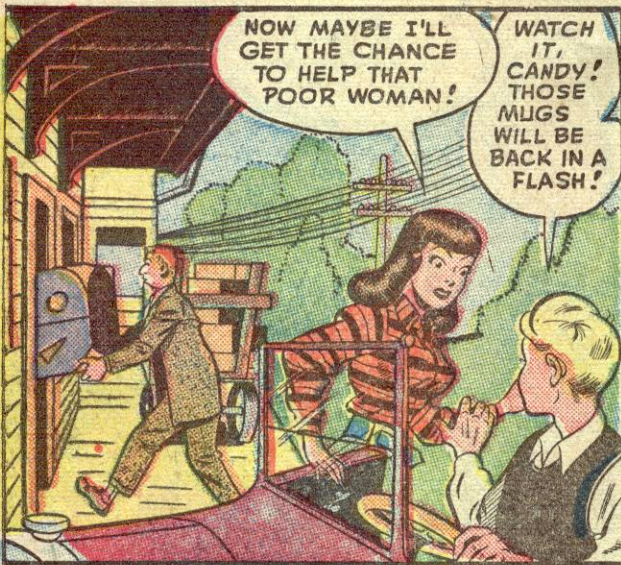




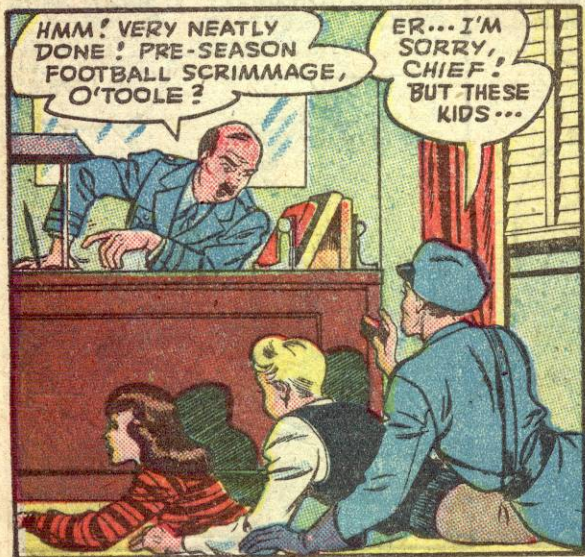
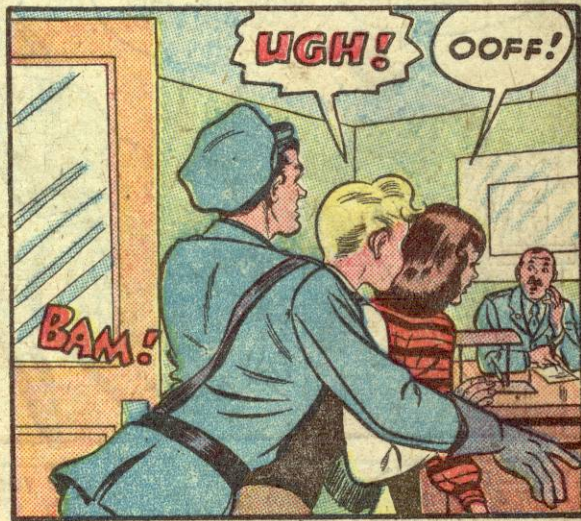
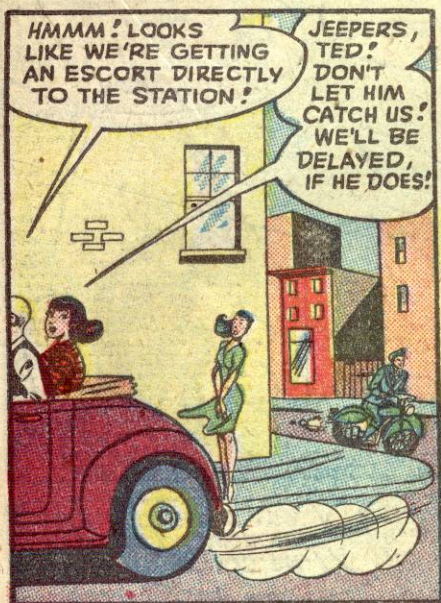
CANDY

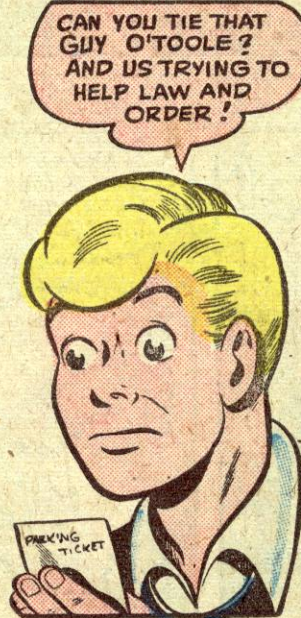


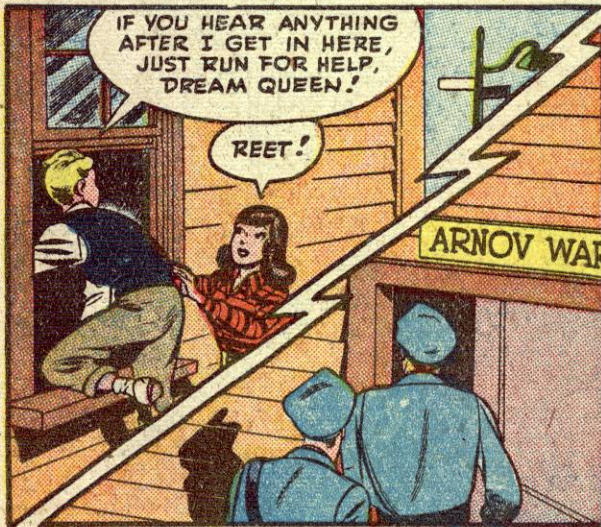


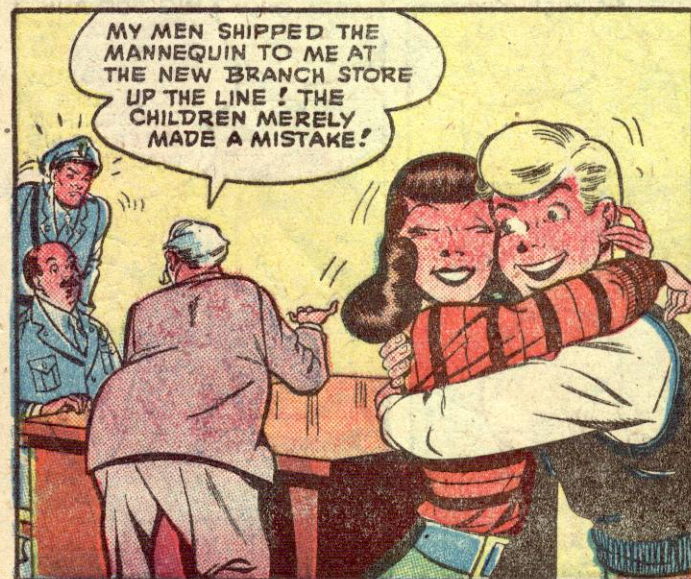
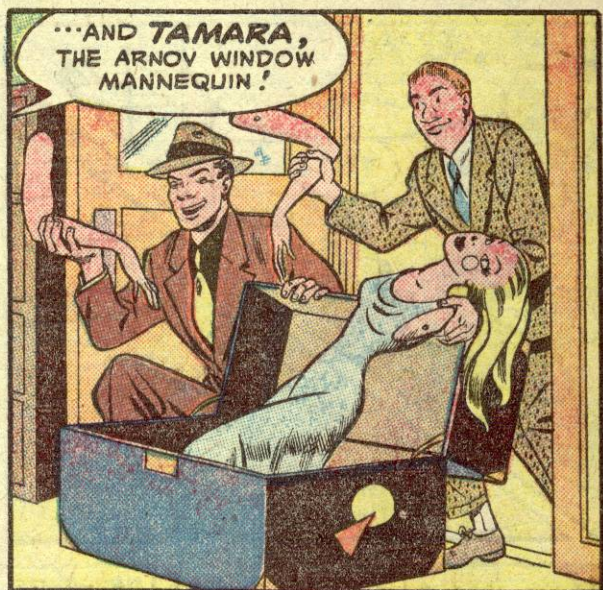
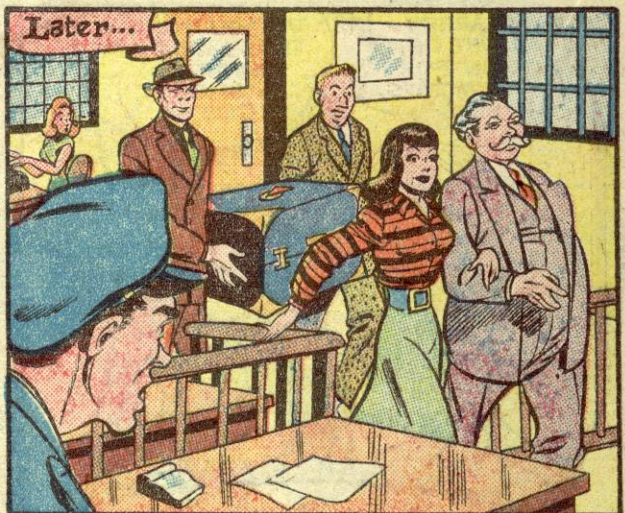


POLICE COMICS











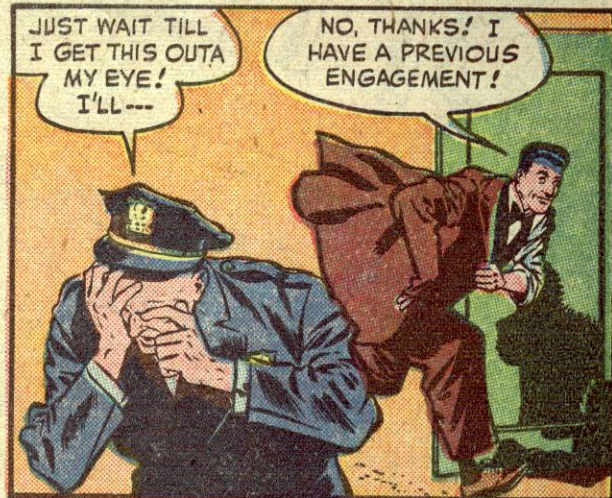
Soapy was always a modest man, but his fame has sought him out....

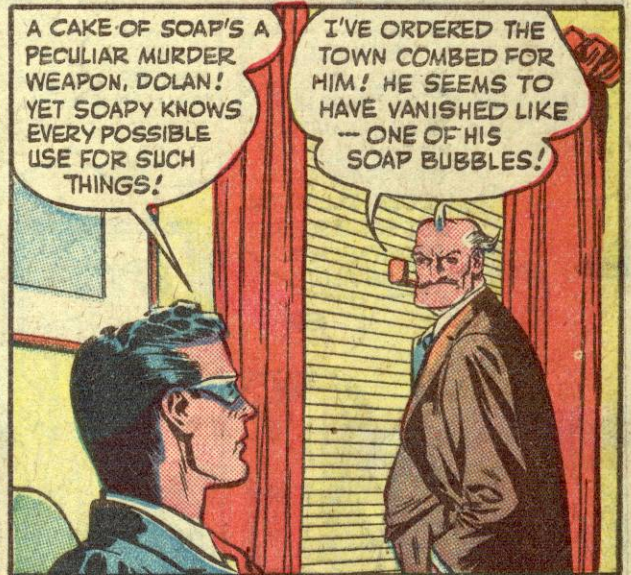
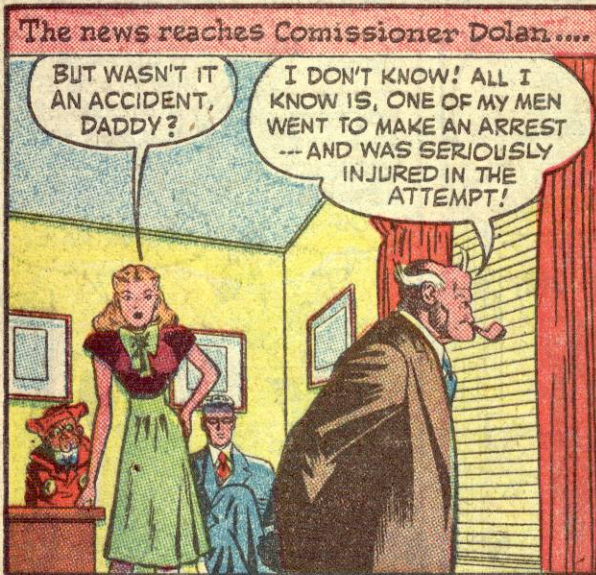
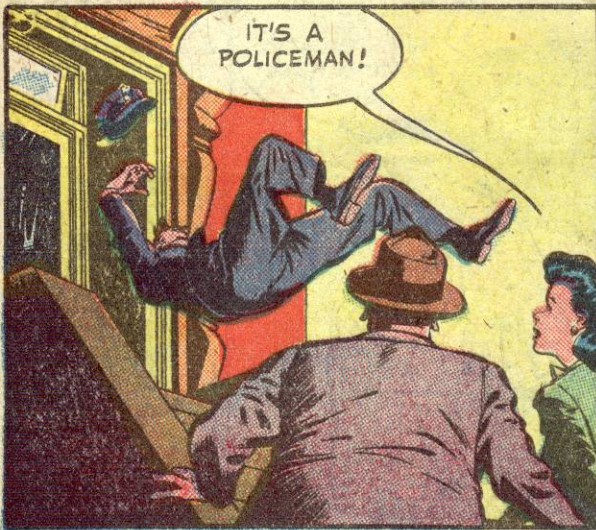
WE GOT THE GOODS ON YOU, SOAPY! YOU'VE BEEN THE SILENT BRAIN BEHIND ALL THOSE STOCK EXCHANGE SWINDLES!

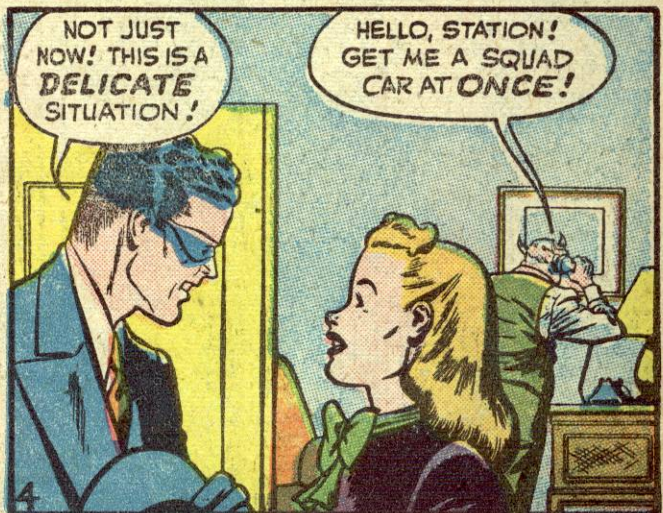
OKAY! OKAY! I'LL GO WITH YOU AS SOON AS I FINISH WASHING UP!

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A SAP FOR CLEANLINESS! THAT'S WHY THEY CALL ME SOAPY!

NEVER MIND THE BIOGRAPHY! IF YOU'RE READY, COME ON ---





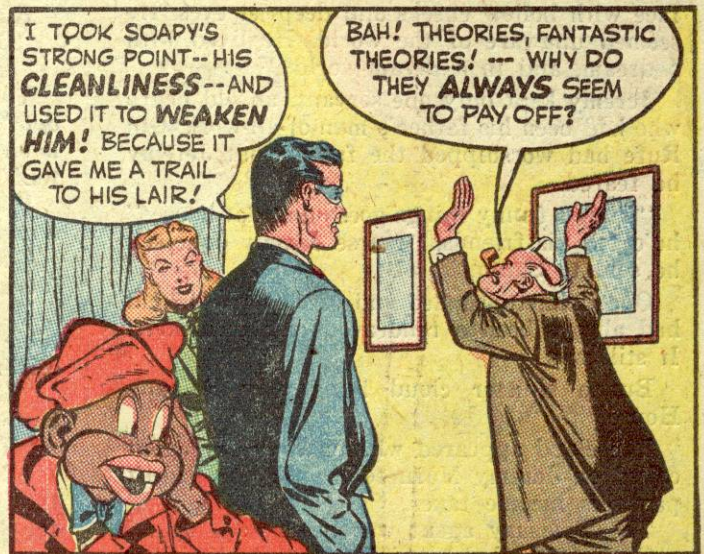








RIGHT, SPIRIT! AND ---



The Shark Gods

THERE once lived a man who worked hard and founded a great estate. This estate was founded on toil and honesty. Romany House—that was the name of the huge manor house—sprawled on a large island off the coast of South Carolina. It was a beautiful house, and a century or more had not dulled it.

The man who founded this estate named it in honor of his Romany ancestors. For Selig Marn claimed to be a gypsy.

Selig Marn was long dead. He died in the War of 1912, in the cause of his country. He had gained riches long ere this, however. And when death came to him in the great upper north room, he called his two sons to him and said, "My sons, it is now up to you. I give you Romany House and all its vast acres. See that you carry on well."

Selig, the elder son, died soon after in a horse racing accident. The other boy—Perseus—lived to a ripe old age and bequeathed to his two sons Romany House. That was in the year 1879.

One of these sons died mysteriously. The other lived to see his own son finish college. That was only a few years ago.

Jeremy Marn was a tall, studious chap with a bent for deep learning. He had added many volumes to the famous Romany House library. It was a strange library, one would have said. Most of the books were on the subject of the occult.

Jeremy Marn was a weird looking man—long, pointed ears like a faun, long, angular face with hollow cheeks and deep-set eyes. He seemed unaware of the world. He lived with a dream, and in a dream-world.

Jeremy kept only one servant, an old negro who had been his father's man-of-all-work. Old Rufe had worshipped the father, but Jeremy he feared.

"They's funny things goes on at dat house," he'd tell his friends. "Marse Jemmy done sell he soul to Satan."

One palmetto-shaded end of Romany Island had always been a rendezvous for picnickers. It still was.

But a sinister cloud hung over Romany House.

The cloud appeared when a Treasury agent called on Jeremy Marn to see why he hadn't paid his income taxes.

The Treasury agent was never seen again. The police and special agents had visited

Romany House, but they never turned up a clue. Jeremy stuck to his story, that the Treasury man had left the island the same day that he arrived.

Then Plastic Man was called in on the case by the F. B. I., of which he is a member. All he was told was, "Find Rankin (the agent), or find out what happened to him."

So Plastic Man and Woozy, his little rotund companion and assistant, found themselves on Romany Island one bright afternoon in autumn. They stood watching the launch that had brought them out make its return trip to the mainland.

"Well," said Woozy, "here we are, stranded on an island. Looks pretty swell from here."

"Uh-huh." Plastic Man threw a glance toward the battlements of Romany House. "Looks like an old castle, doesn't it? Well, let's go see the keeper of the manse."

Jeremy was courteous but he acted irritated.

"I don't understand," he said after the formal greetings, "why you men keep searching here for your agent Rankin. I tell you he left here in perfect health."

"Yes," said Plastic Man. "But the Department insists upon a certain routine. We won't give you any trouble, Mr. Marn. And we'll cut our stay to the minimum."

Old Rufe showed the two upstairs to adjoining rooms in the south wing. They were luxurious rooms.

"Which room," said Plastic Man to the negro, "did Mr. Rankin occupy while here?"

Rufe pointed to the room allotted to Woozy.

"Dat one, suh. He done stay dere two days."

"Did you see him leave the island, Rufe?"

The darky shook his head. "Not me, suh. But der. I seldom sees folks leave 'cause de clock is on de othuh side of de islan' from my quarters."

Plastic Man did not press further, but he sensed that Rufe was jittery.

They searched the two rooms thoroughly and found nothing wrong or suspicious.

The house phone on Plastic Man's dressing table buzzed softly. Plastic Man lifted the receiver.

"Dinnuh will be served at six, suh," said Rufe.

"Thanks," said Plastic Man, hanging up.

After dinner, which Jeremy did not attend, the two went back to their rooms and prepared for bed. It had been a long day and they were sleepy.

POLICE COMICS

Woozy went to his room through the adjoining door and closed it. Plastic Man sat for a while pondering the situation. It had him stumped. Jeremy, while an odd cuss, seemed to be just a deeply studious man; certainly not a criminal type.

"But you never can tell," Plastic Man told himself.

He went to bed and snapped out the reading lamp at his side. He felt drowsy—very drowsy. He sat bolt upright then, a sudden ugly thought filling his mind: they had been drugged;

But, after lying for a half hour and growing no more drowsy, he abandoned this thought.

It was a yell that fetched him awake. Wide awake. He leaped out of bed and dashed across the room to Woozy's connecting door. The yell seemed to come from there.

Plastic Man rushed into the room, calling to Woozy. There was no answer. He snapped on the light. The bed had been slept in. But Woozy was gone. Plastic Man tried the hall door; it was locked *on the inside!*

He looked in the closet, in the bathroom, under the bed. Woozy was nowhere. He had disappeared. From a room locked on the inside!

Starting for the bathroom again, thinking there might be a concealed closet inside, Plastic Man suddenly felt the floor open up below him and with a *whoosh* he shot downward through utter darkness.

He came out with a flying plop into a semi-dark cellar. The fall partially stunned him and he lay a moment collecting his senses. Then he heard a voice, "Who is it? Where are you?"

"Woozy!" gasped Plastic Man, sitting up. He could see now in the gloom of the cellar. Woozy sat nearby, looking dazed.

Plastic Man had to laugh, Woozy looked so dumb. "Well," he said, "I see how we got down here—wherever it is."

Woozy was fully awake now. He grinned ruefully. "This is somethin', ain't it, Plas? I start toward the bathroom and bam! I wind up in a cellar. How did you happen to come down, Plas?"

Plastic Man told him. "But now we've got to get out of here," he said. "Let's have a look around."

They had walked only a short distance through the darkness when they heard water gurgling. Plastic Man snapped on a tiny flashlight and cast its beam over the water. It looked black as ink. They could see blunt bluish noses poking up here and there through the water's surface.

"Sharks," said Plastic Man. "Now what's Jerry keep sharks here for?"

Woozy couldn't throw any light on the subject.

They had almost made the rounds of the place when they came to a tunnel. They turned into it. A fifty-foot walk brought them to another smaller room of the cellar. Along one wall were several iron-barred cells. Plastic Man roved his flash over them.

"Say!" he cried, "there are people in those cells!" He leaped ahead.

"Rankin!" he exclaimed. "So here you are! What's going on, old man?"

Rankin, the Treasury agent, was weak from cold and hunger.

"Plastic Man!" he cried. "How did you ever find me? That fiend Jeremy Marn dropped me down here first night I stayed in the house. Say, how do you happen to be here, too?"

Plastic Man related their adventure.

"He's keeping us—there are five others in the cells—for those blasted sharks," said Rankin. "Some bloomin' festival to the devils he studies about. But I—"

"Up with your hands!" came a menacing voice from behind them. Plastic Man knew it was Jeremy. Without whirling, he extended one rubbery arm in a snake-like loop and snatched the gun out of Marn's hand.

"Up with yours!" ordered Plastic Man, turning now with the revolver. "You've got some explaining to do, Mr. Marn. Why are these men down here? Why did you drop us down here?"

Jeremy grinned evilly. "Wouldn't you like to know?" he gritted. "If it hadn't been for your meddling, the ceremonial sharks would have dined well tonight. Tonight is the new moon, when the shark gods rise from the sea and there must be sacrifices. . . In the ancient times the shark gods were all-powerful, and men were menials, subservient to them. I was working for the new world of shark men."

Jeremy had been inching backward. Now he suddenly bolted away into the darkness. Plastic Man fired into the floor as a warning, and yelled for him to stop.

Then they heard a splash, a wild agitation of the water, and a thin, quavering scream. It was drowned out abruptly.

"Poor devil," said Plastic Man. "His own sharks evidently got him. Did he leap in purposely, or was it an accident?"

Rankin said, "I for one don't care. Just pull that lever over there and open these cages."

Plastic Man did so. The cells opened. Some of the men were too weak to stand. But Plastic Man would soon have the authorities here.

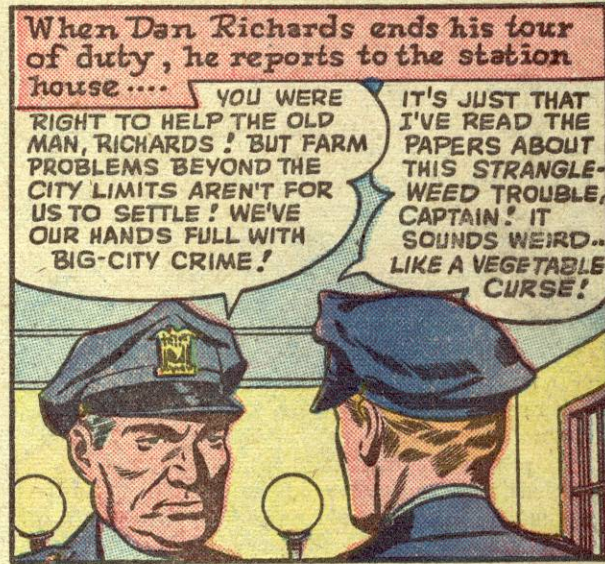
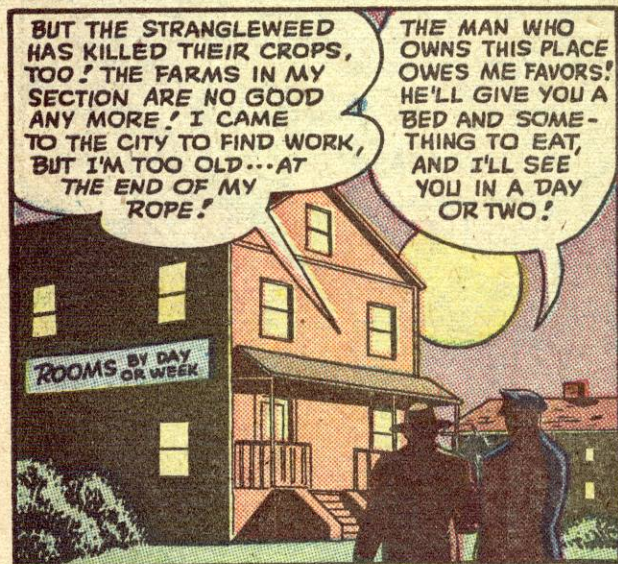
"I guess," he said, "this is the end of Ro-many House."

MANHUNTER

Who remembers the
dreadful strangleweed?

For a time it menaced the
property and lives of the
whole countryside north
of Midtown... baffled
farmers and scientists...
then it vanished as sud-
denly as it came! Whence
it sprang and where it went
nobody knows....
except **MANHUNTER**
and **THOR**!





Farmer after farmer tells the same tragic story

YEP, MISTER, I'VE LIVED HERE SINCE I WAS A BOY... USTA MAKE A GOOD LIVIN', BUT I'LL SELL FER WHAT I KIN GET! I'M STRANGLE-WEEDED OUT!

WHAT IS THIS STRANGLEWEED? I NEVER HEARD OF IT TILL LATELY!



IT DIDN'T APPEAR TILL LATELY! BUT IT'S SHORE TAKEN OVER! IT KILLS THE CROPS, CHOKES THE FIELDS, PULLS DOWN THE FENCES!

ISN'T ANYBODY TRYING TO FIGHT IT?



WELL, THERE'S DOC BRUMBY, THE PLANT COLLECTOR! HE CAME OUT FROM THE CITY AND BOUGHT THE OLD TRUE-SMITH PLACE ON PURPOSE T' STUDY THE CONSERVED PLAGUE WEED!

I'LL INTERVIEW HIM! COME ON, THOR!



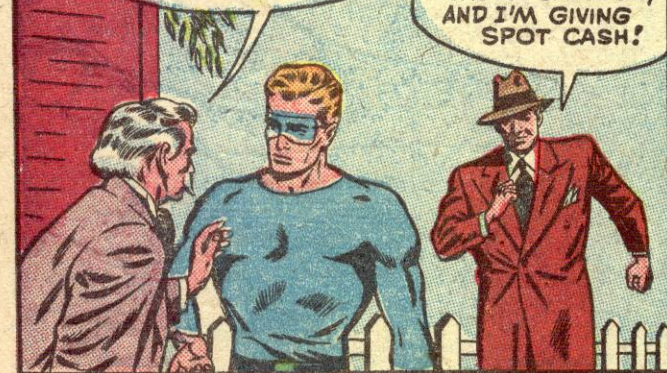
YES, I'M DR. BRUMBY! AND YES, I'M A BOTANIST TRYING TO STUDY THIS GHASTLY PLAGUE OF STRANGLEWEED! I HOPE YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL ME THAT WILL HELP MY FIGHT AGAINST IT!

AT LEAST YOU SEEM TO HAVE CLEARED YOUR OWN YARD OF STRANGLEWEED!



TRUE... BECAUSE I CLEARED MY YARD AND GARDEN OF ALL VEGETATION! THE STRANGLEWEED LIVES ON OTHER PLANTS, LIKE A BEAST OF PREY!

AH, DR. BRUMBY! I AM PREPARED TO MAKE AN OFFER FOR YOUR PROPERTY! MY NAME IS JABEZ JAMBON, AND I'M GIVING SPOT CASH!

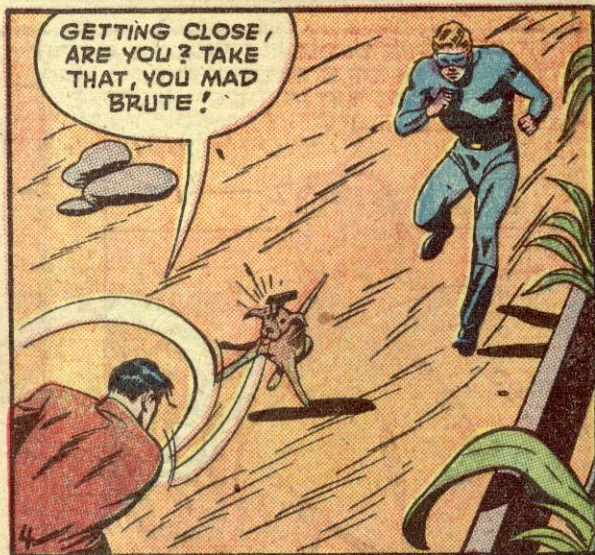


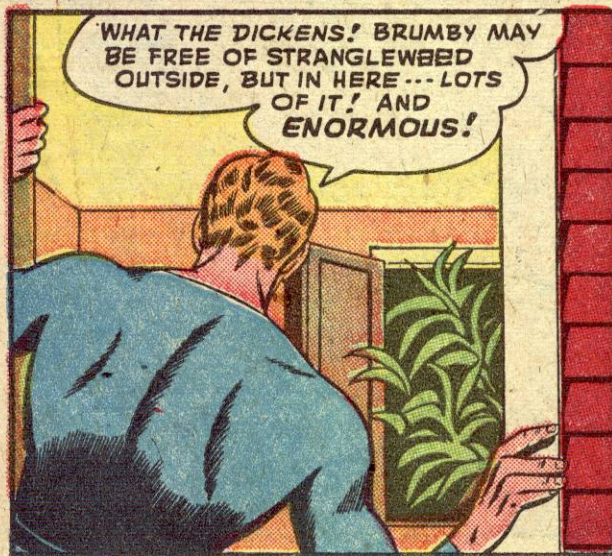
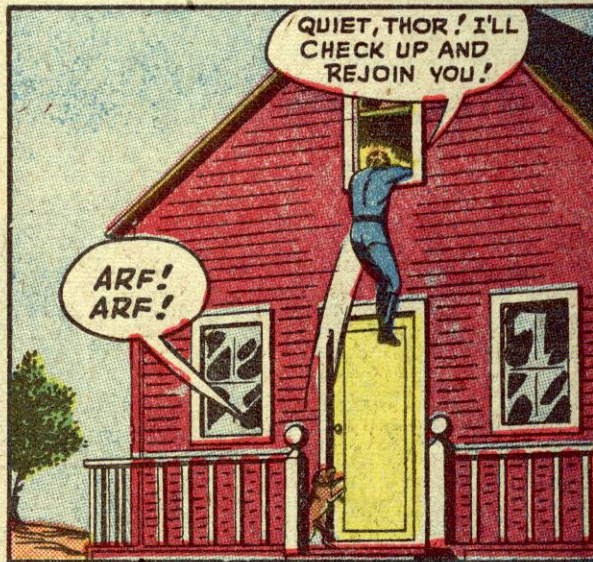
WHO SAID I WANT TO SELL? I WANT TO KEEP MY PLACE AND FIGHT OFF THIS DEVILISH STRANGLEWEED!

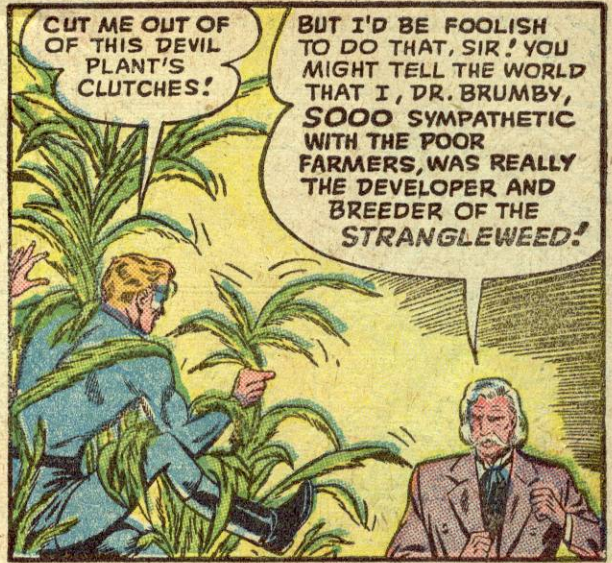
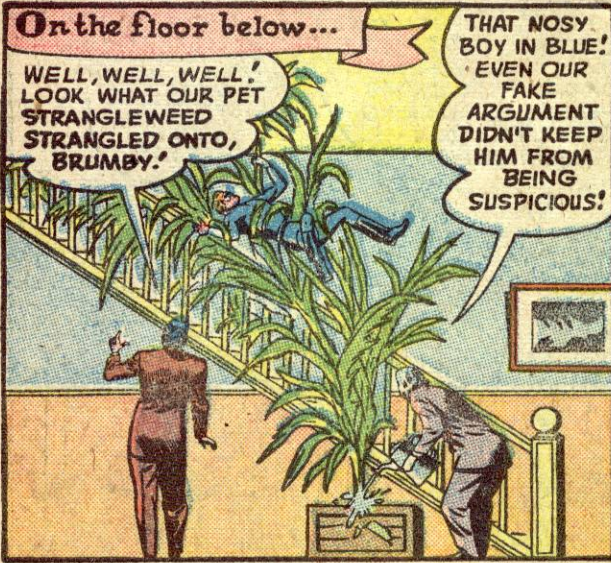
IT CAN'T BE DONE! ANYONE WHO DOESN'T SELL OUT AND LEAVE IS A FOOL!



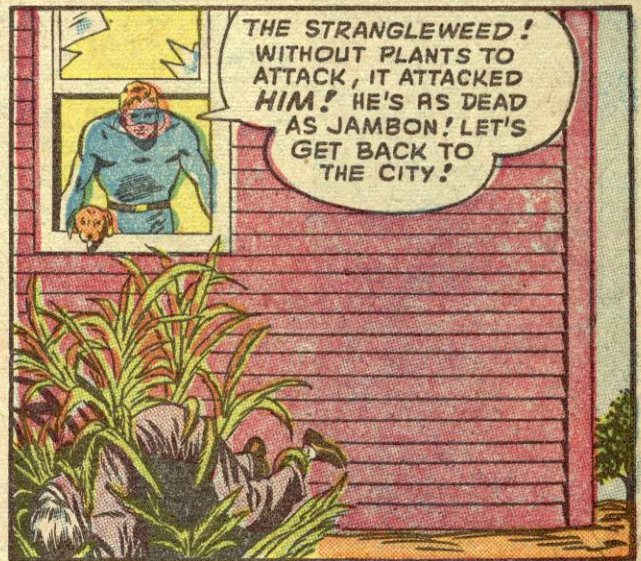
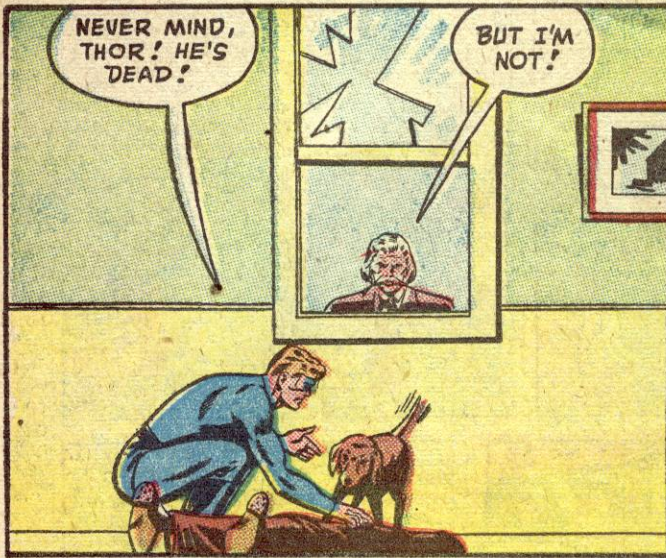
POLICE COMICS











ADVENTURES OF
"POPSICLE PETE"



IN
"SHOW TIME"



HI'YA PETE... LET'S GO DOWN TO THE CORNER AND HANG AROUND.

AW THAT'S NO FUN... I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA. GET THE GANG TOGETHER AND MEET ME AT THE SCHOOL YARD!



LISTEN GUYS, OUR TEACHER, MR. WINTERS, HAS A SWELL PLAN... HELLO BOYS, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE ACTORS AND PUT ON A REAL SHOW? WE CAN START REHEARSALS RIGHT NOW.

BOY THAT SOUNDS GREAT!



SOME FUN! OKAY FELLOWS, THAT'S OUR LAST REHEARSAL! BE ON TIME TOMORROW. WE HAVE TWO BIG SHOWS TO DO!

WOW! WHAT A SHOW!



CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

GREAT!

THOSE GUYS ARE GOOD.

HA! HA!



GOSH PETE, DID YOU HEAR THAT APPLAUSE? YOUR IDEA WAS TERRIF! LET'S GET MR. WINTERS FOR MORE SHOWS.

YOU BET! HE'S A REGULAR GUY.

I'VE FOUND THAT TEACHERS CAN BE A LOT OF FUN IF YOU GIVE THEM HALF A "Popsicle Pete" CHANCE.

ENJOY
Popsicle Fudgsicle CREAMSICLE

and **SAVE BAGS** for **SWELL GIFTS**

AND MANY
 ICE CREAM
 ON-A-STICK
 PRODUCTS



**ALWAYS GET THE OFFICIAL
 GENUINE BAGS —
 THEY ALWAYS SAY —**

"Save These Bags for Gifts" and also read
 "Licensed by Joe Lowe Corp."

**HERE ARE
 ONLY
 A
 FEW**

Get your free list of all these wonderful gifts at your ice cream-store.

Or write direct to Popsicle Pete at his address nearest to you:

NEW YORK 1, N. Y. CHICAGO 10, ILL. LOS ANGELES 23, CAL. ATLANTA, GA.
 601 W. 26th St. 400 W. Ohio St. 2744 E. 11th St. 325 Elizabeth St.N.E.





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THIS OFFER INCLUDES OVER 200
PIECES**

100 2" Salutes • Cherry Flash Bombs
• Flitter Krackers • Comet • Whistle
Bombs • 2 Shot Repeaters • Wheels
• Whistle Devil • Humdinger • Foun-
tains • Roman Candles • Aerial Bombs
• Sparklers • 20 pkgs. Chinese Fire-
crackers including 6 pkgs. (96 pieces) of the
FAMOUS ZEBRA BRAND. FREE PUNK!

ACTUAL
RETAIL
VALUE

\$11³⁵

**YOURS FOR
ONLY...**

\$4⁹⁵



HEY KIDS!

SEND FOR FREE CAP
AND CAP PISTOL CIR-
CULAR! ALSO WRITE
FOR FREE CATALOG OF
OTHER ASSORTMENTS
AND DISPLAYS.

RICH BROS. FIREWORKS CO.

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Shipped Ry. Express Only. NONE SENT
C. O. D. Enclose Money Order or Check.
Name nearest Express Office!
Print your name and address plainly.



*Nothing
like it!*

GET YOUR FREE MOVIE STAR PICTURES

FREE!

OH BOY! LOTS
OF PICTURES
IN NATURAL
COLOR!

SEE THE SWELL
PICTURES OF THE NEW
SCHWINN BIKES, TOO!

FREE, TOO!
JUST SEND THE
COUPON!

LOOK! ROY ROGERS,
BOB HOPE, BING CROSBY,
JANIS PAIGE . . . ALL THE
FAMOUS MOVIE STARS!

JOIN THE FUN!
SEND FOR YOURS
TODAY!



Look for
this Seal
IT'S YOUR
PROOF
OF QUALITY



**Send for this NEW 1948
FREE Movie Star Folder
TODAY!**

SEE color pictures—photographs taken in Hollywood—
of your favorite movie stars riding their Schwinn-
Built Bicycles.

Read what the famous movie stars—like Roy Rogers,
Bing Crosby and many others say about these beauti-
ful, easy pedaling bikes.

Pick out the bike you want from the
pictures of the latest Schwinn models. See
the exclusive features in detail. Write for
free Movie Star Folder today.

**RIDE WITH THE STARS ON A
Schwinn-Built Bicycle
America's Finest Bicycle**

Watch the gang gather 'round to admire your
Schwinn-Built Bicycle. You'll be *king of the block*
for sure because only Schwinn-Built Bicycles
have such exclusive features as Automobile
Type Expander Brakes, Knee-action Spring
Forks, built-in, patented kickstands and built-in
Fenderlights . . . It's features like these that
make almost 4 out of 5 boys and girls prefer
Schwinn-Built Bicycles over the next leading
brand. Examine a Schwinn. See why America's
favorite bicycle is *America's Finest Bicycle*.

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